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OCTOBER 28, 1977

NATIONAL REVIEW

THE

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EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

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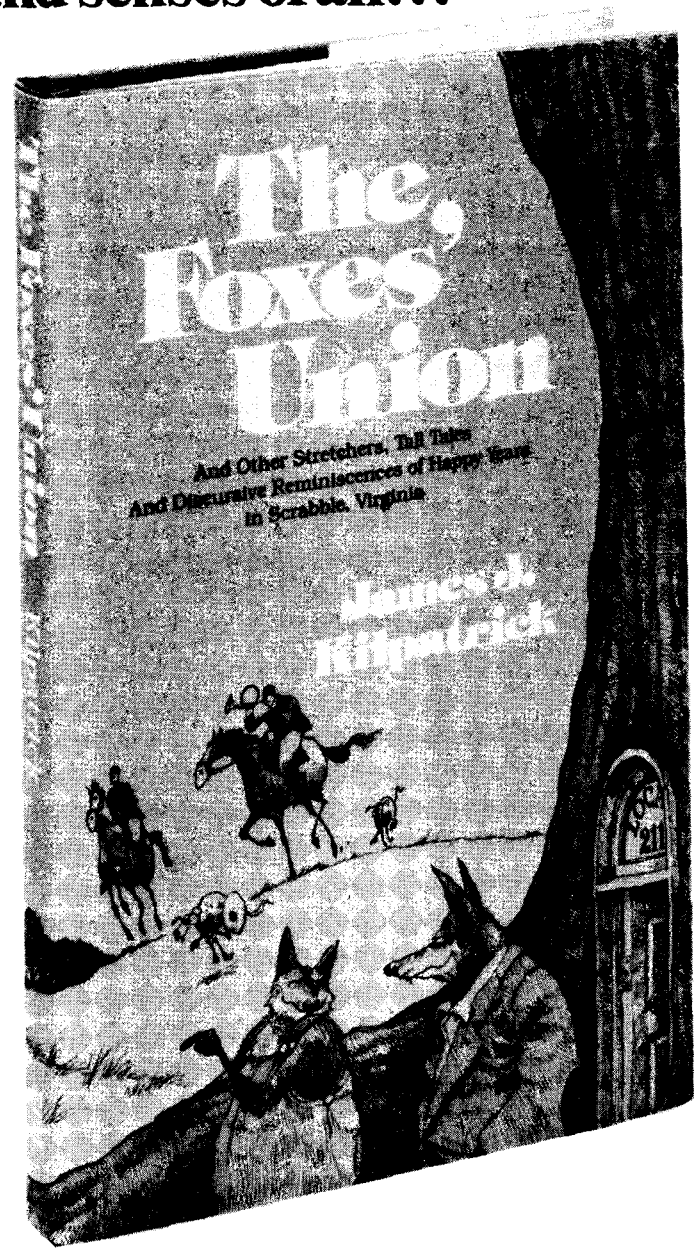
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NATIONAL REVIEW

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Letters

Panama Demurrals

Mr. Buckley's stand on the latest Panama Canal Treaty [Sept. 30] seems grossly inconsistent with his usual brilliant analyses of political affairs. Finding oneself in the position of believing Bill Buckley mistaken is about like believing that one perceives a weakness in the swordplay of Cyrano de Bergerac. Nevertheless.

Mr. Buckley tells us that we shouldn't shrink from signing a new Panama Canal Treaty because—he seems to be saying—it's only a piece of paper anyway. If we want to exercise control over access to the Canal, we simply go and do it, treaty or not. Why not sign the damn Treaty and make the Panamanians and JC happy?

For an example of how the thing would work, he gives us *Hitler*! Bill Buckley gives us *Hitler*! Look, says Mr. B., Hitler didn't fool with any treaty when he wanted control of the Kiel Canal in 1938; he just went and took control. *Force majeure*, it was. We can do the same thing in Panama if we want to. Why not sign . . . etc.

Springfield, Va. J. M. Preston

In the past I have hesitated to respond to any of WFB's editorial writings because I have been intimidated by his quick wit and facile pen. However, his arguments for the recently negotiated Panama Canal treaties force my hand. I readily agree to most of his arguments but I take exception to his perfunctory approval of the $50 million "annual rental" and unspecified, but undoubtedly generous, economic aid. If we are going to give the Canal away in the interest of "wiping out the last vestiges of colonialism," so be it. But, to pay $50 million a year tribute and commit ourselves to perpetual handouts disguised as foreign aid gags me. One last note—WFB brushes aside the opinions of four retired Navy chiefs of staff, saying current chiefs favor the treaties. I am sure that he, of all people, knows that current chiefs' opinions are whatever President Carter says they are.

Ormond Beach, Fla. George F. Platts

See "On the Right," p. 1256. —ED

Register Citizens

When I read your editorial "Camp of the Saints" [Sept. 30], the first thing that came to my mind, after the initial shock wore off, was an idea for a new bumper sticker —"Register Citizens, Not Firearms!" To propose that every American carry a national identity card, to seek employment and for "other pursuits" (and where will that end? Passports to move from state to state?) does more than "go against the libertarian grain." It suggests the trade of what privacy we have left for the sake of a vague concept called "demographic fate." The mixing of races and cultures has never been a problem in America, except to racists. In fact, it has always been among our greatest strengths. It is bad enough that some Americans seem ready to rip the inscription from the Statue of Liberty, but it is doubly disturbing that such ideas are coming from the Right.

Mesa, Ariz. Garry Meyers
State Secretary
Arizona Young Americans for Freedom

I have a proposal to make. I think we should erect a barbed wire barrier along our 1,500-mile southern border with perhaps a mine field for several hundred yards on our side of the fence. Then we could dig a 15-foot trench to stop vehicles from crossing the area. Not to be a piker, the government could create a new bureau to supervise a force of border guards and attack dogs. Perhaps a few guard towers and light posts should complete the defense. Of course, Christmas visits would be in order (after all, the German Democratic Republic doesn't have a monopoly on human rights).

Likewise, the national identity card system is a stroke of genius! They couldn't forge voter registration cards so they certainly couldn't forge work passes. On the cards important data such as race, religion, place of birth, marital status, political preferences are but a few of the things we'd need to know. If the USSR can do it, why can't we?

Please tell me those proposals were tongue in cheek.

Lebanon, Pa. Landry Appleby

Your assertion that this "measure will go against the libertarian grain" must mark an all-time low in cavalier understatement. I would have thought that such an outrageously nightmarish scheme could have been hatched only in the collectivist skull of a socialist, Communist, decadent liberal, or some other know-nothing Statist. Surely you can see that (what essentially amounts to) the reduction of the individual to a state of total social and economic dependence on a numbered card would annihilate all personal autonomy vis-à-vis the State, whose power would be maximized as the individual is rendered vulnerable to the inherent threat of a monstrous tyranny. The implementation of this incubus would result in terribly ruinous, if not fatal, consequences to our Bill of Rights, hence our

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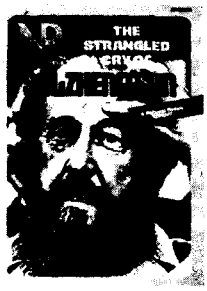

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free democratic system, more than negating any desirable effects attendant on excluding "hordes" of "illegal immigrants" (read "unwanted aliens"). Indeed, paradoxically, we would be destroying the land of liberty in order to save it!

Your bizarre idea conjures up ominous images of the prophecies of Rev. 13:11-18. Perhaps every valid national identity card should be stamped "U.S.A. 666," and woe to those who defy the Beast by daring to decline its insignia.

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Liberty or Civitas?

Steven Tonsor [Sept. 30] quotes Daniel Bell on something called "civitas" which Bell describes, *inter alia*, as a "spontaneous willingness to obey the law." This is a noble thought, but I find it hard to find any time or place in history where such a thing—a system of law without sanctions or enforcement—ever existed. The nearest thing, perhaps, was among the English upper classes a few centuries ago. Having inherited wealth and power, they needed no more of either; they gladly obeyed the law against stealing sheep, because they owned the sheep. But woe betide the low-class citizen who stole a sheep; he was summarily hanged. Civitas is not for the common people, it seems.

Such a system seems to be self-defeating; eventually the upper class was bankrupted by the demands of the lower, and today England is a welfare state, where people do not need to steal sheep because they get them free from the government.

Mr. Tonsor finds no way of deriving "civitas" from a libertarian world view. I suspect that proves, not that the task is impossible, but merely that Mr. Tonsor has not yet found the answer. Yet, it poses a question: must we choose between libertarianism and civitas? If so, I suspect I know what my own answer will be: I can live without civitas but not without liberty. And by "liberty" I mean what the dictionary says the word means: the right to do as one pleases. Hairsplitting (like the kindergarten teacher's distinction between "liberty" and "license") will simply not do for the mature adult who values liberty as something more than mere "free speech"—that is, the right to gripe, but the obligation to obey.

Emlenton, Pa. JOHN S. CARROLL

Breeder Reactions

Plutonium! Just drop the "magic material" in water, and up fizzes enough energy to last us 100,000 years; And cost? Ha! The fuel is free!

Come off it. Bernard Cohen's article on

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the breeder [Sept. 16] has some interesting points, but is almost as tendentious and one-sided as the diatribes of the zombie-eyed environmentalists. The *present* cost of plutonium energy is not the equivalent of a penny for 25 gallons of oil, Cohen's blithe and irrelevant prediction for the twenty-second century. Cohen does not see fit to mention the cost of the breeder (if any!) in his article. How many tens of billions of dollars do we care to funnel into the federal bureaucracy in the hope that maybe, someday, the breeder will become economically feasible? Cohen uses the familiar ploy of New Dealers and special interest groups eager for government spending—talk about benefits, and pressing needs, but never about costs.

By emphasizing that Great Pyramid, the breeder, nuclear enthusiasts are fueling the environmentalists' attacks on demonstrated and much-needed forms of nuclear power. I don't know if the breeder is really a good deal or not, but an honest appraisal of the pros and cons would be much more persuasive than a one-layer whitewash.

Los Angeles, Calif. DAVID HIRSHLEIFER

Cohen's article on plutonium-239 was really to the point. It should be compulsory reading for all members of the Sierra Club. However, he leaves a few questions unanswered. Can you supply the answers?

1. What are the names of the organizations which make up the "enemies" of plutonium?

2. Are these groups motivated otherwise than by opposition to increased use of nuclear energy? Is it possible that some are subversive?

3. Who are the two professional nuclear critics?

It would help to be able to cite chapter and verse as to who is trying to fool whom.

Los Angeles, Calif. FRANK H. FERGUSON

I find Mr. Bernard L. Cohen's article infuriatingly insulting to me and very likely to many, many others who know that the prime, overriding problem in the production of nuclear energy is the problem of disposal of radioactive wastes.

Not once in his article does Mr. Cohen mention the concurrent production of much radioactive waste material in the production of nuclear energy. Perhaps he may be persuaded to put forth some constructive ideas on containing the radioactive wastes through the many years of their expected radioactive life.

McLean, Va. ELIZABETH AUGHEY

In regard to "The Case for the Breeder Reactor," several questions arose in my mind.

In addition to the listed environmental groups, are coal and oil lobbies opposing nuclear energy? Or could it be that "environmentalists" are being used by the coal lobbies in this regard? A question not mentioned by Dr. Cohen is: could a terrorist group steal an A-bomb? If so, it would be more effective than a home-made plutonium bomb and possibly easier to acquire in the first place. Also if security for A-bombs (of which there are many) is such as to make it virtually impossible to steal one, why not set up comparable security for the much scarcer and less dangerous breeder reactors and their products?

Wilmore, Ky. DAVID BRABON

. . . and Reply

1. The problem here is that my article was not meant to be a defense of the breeder reactor—the title was changed by the Editors—but of the use of plutonium. There are several other aspects of the breeder reactor which I did not attempt to cover, and on some of them I have little expert knowledge. Those who have looked at economic problems believe that the cost of breeder electricity will be not much higher than that from our present sources, and will be cheaper in the twenty-first century, barring breakthroughs in the development of fusion, solar, or other new sources. The total cost to the government of developing the breeder is expected to be about $10 billion, which is comparable to costs of a military hardware system and not excessive when one considers that it may be a $50-billion-per-year business for centuries. If the French, the British, the Russians, the Germans, and the Japanese can afford it, why can't we?

2. Any list I give is bound to be conditioned by my personal experiences; I have not studied the question specifically. The principal anti-nuclear personalties have been Ralph Nader, David Comey (Chicago), John Gofman (San Francisco), and Henry Kendall (Boston), each of whom has his own organization. Other anti-nuclear organizations are National Resources Defense Council (NRDC), Clamshell Alliance, Friends of the Earth, and Environmental Defense Fund. There are several other national organizations and a multitude of local organizations. The two professional critics referred to in my article are Arthur Tamplin and Tom Cochran of NRDC.

3. I know of no evidence implicating coal or oil lobbies in the problem. The point about terrorists stealing a military bomb is well-taken, although there are tight security procedures guarding them. Many of these same measures are being used to safeguard plutonium. Theft would be extremely difficult and dangerous, as I

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At the height of the Watergate hysteria, Alexander Solzhenitsyn spoke from the Soviet Union of the "dense hypocrisy characteristic of today's American political life," most notably "of the Senate leaders with their distorted view of the discordant Watergate affair. Without in any way defending Nixon or the Republican party, how can one not be amazed at the hypocritical, clamorous rage displayed by the Democrats?"

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outlined in my article, but "virtually impossible" is strong wording.

4. I have published several papers on the radioactive waste problem, including a popular-level one in the June 1977 issue of *Scientific American*, but my article in NATIONAL REVIEW was about plutonium (although this fact was obscured by the change in title). The waste problem is not much different for breeder reactors than for present reactors, and Mrs. Aughey should learn more about it before swallowing the propaganda line that it is a very difficult problem. BERNARD L. COHEN

Mano's Schtick

I was saddened to read in the pages of *NR* the ignorant caricature of traditional Judaism by D. Keith Mano [Sept. 30]. Contrary to Mr. Mano's expectation, I am not accusing him of antisemitism. I assume that what underlies his article is not malice, but an abysmal ignorance of Judaism, painfully evident, for example, in his characterization of it as "afterlifeless." One wonders whether the editors would allow a comparably uninformed parody of Christianity to appear in these pages, even for humorous intent. I regret that such an article appeared in a journal which I have always regarded as a model of civilized discourse. Its disrespect for factual accuracy and for an ancient and living religious tradition would have been more at home in the rags of the opposite side of the political spectrum.

Millis, Mass. JON D. LEVENSON

D. Keith Mano is always fun to read, even if some of his views can tend to be just a *bit* outrageous (example: after his quick tour of Russia, Mr. Mano proclaimed to us all that the Russians have this almost genetic craving for the Czarist-Soviet slavery they've lived under for all these centuries; even better was Mano's warning to us that Bingo in Catholic churches was robbing the elderly more cruelly than any punk-mugger).

But he struck his most absurd pose in the September 30 issue, in which he reveals that he was ready to join the Catholic Church until it somehow transformed itself into "Unitarianism-with-a-Pope." If only Mr. Mano had the crusading spirit we might expect him—with all those wild perceptions of his—to take up the quixotic pose, and go to do battle against so perverse a dragon. In fact, I would love to play Sancho to Mano's Quixote, but unfortunately, I live in the windmill.

Berkeley, Calif. EDWARD T. OAKES S.J.

I have always enjoyed the *feuilletons* of D. Keith Mano. But his piece on Jews for Jesus gave me no enjoyment—only anguish. I wish he would leave religious topics to your competent writers on the subject. If he tried to learn about Judaism

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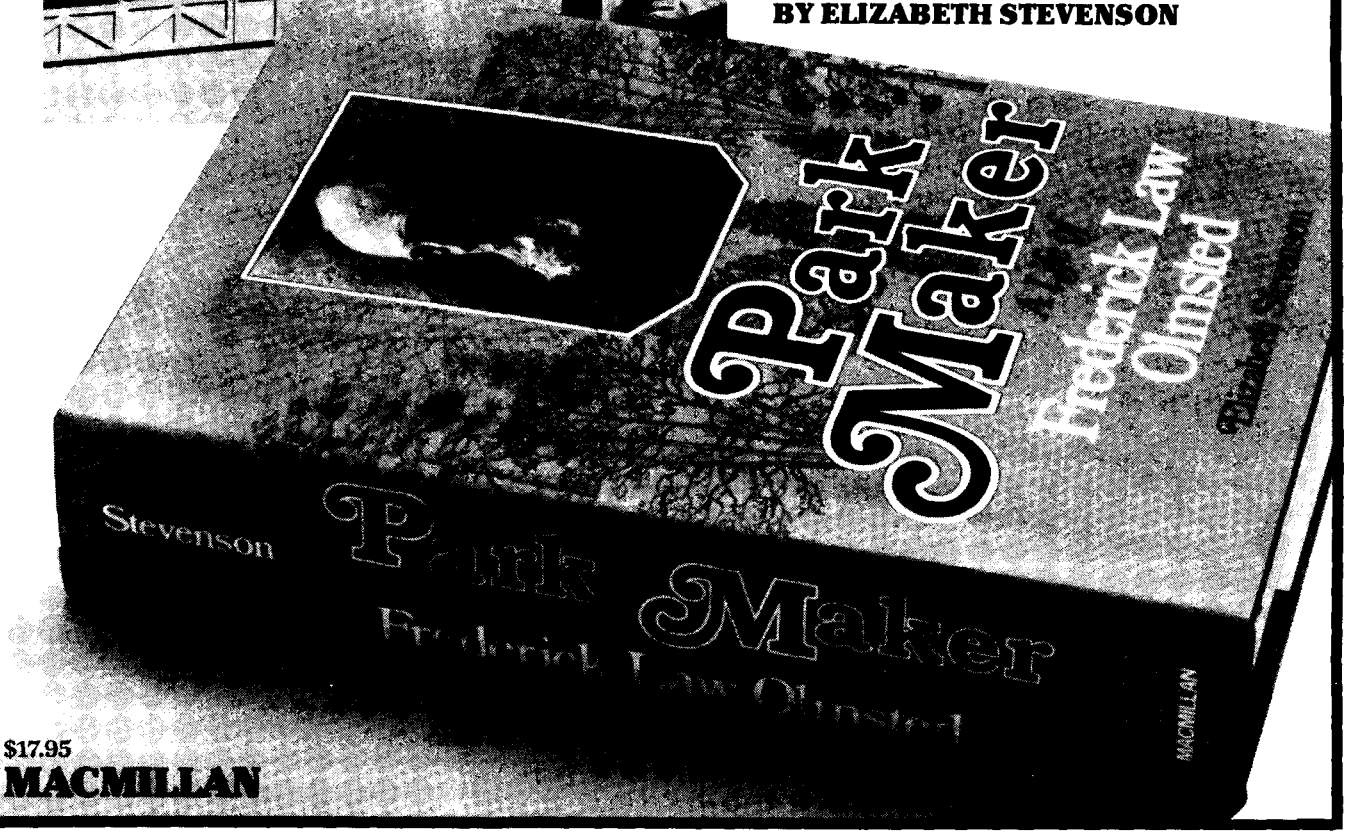

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from more reliable sources than his erstwhile Orthodox Jewish girlfriend, he would find out the meaning of the laws of Judaism (in no Jewish home would a glass touched by a non-Jew be "thrown out afterward"), and most of all he would have learned that Judaism does not end with the Bible but contains a vast literature of traditional interpretations which leaves the Jewish faith far from "unfinished."

As to the Jews for Jesus, they are shunned by all loyal and believing Jews because, regardless of what they say in their tracts, it is a way out of Judaism and the Jewish community. Jews have reverence for Christianity. It is the way non-Jews establish their relationship with the Scriptural God. Jews who know what Judaism is about find their ancestral faith more than adequate. What we need, my dear Mr. Mano, is Jews for Judaism and Christians for Christianity.

New York, N.Y. RABBI SEYMOUR SIEGEL

Amen

As a Columbia alumnus I say amen to Mr. Torch's letter [Aug. 19] denouncing President McGill's failure to condemn his academic rabble's opposition to Kissinger's appointment. McGill's failure, however, does not surprise me, for it is the failure of a man who last year chose to ignore a well-documented pamphlet whereby Giuseppe Prezzolini (emeritus professor and once director of the Casa Italiana of Columbia University) refutes a book in which—on the strength only of the leftist principle that a lie repeated by fellow ideologues becomes an established fact—Prezzolini is called a Fascist agent and Columbia University the only pro-Fascist institution of higher education in America.

I may add that when nonagenarian Prezzolini remonstrated with President McGill for ignoring what was intended to be above all a vindication of the good name of Columbia University, McGill hid his unwillingness to buck the vociferous ergumens of non-Fascist totalitarianism behind a sensible desire not to become entangled in what he termed "a literary dispute." So, a collection of documents incontrovertibly refuting a lie disguised as truth in a book published by a prestigious university press as contemporary political history becomes for President McGill part of a "literary dispute" by virtue, no doubt, of his belief in the truth of the time-honored dictum that history is a lie agreed upon, and hence fiction.

Trenton, N.J. S. E. SCALIA

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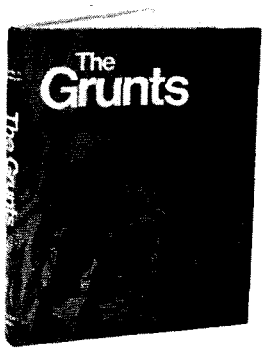

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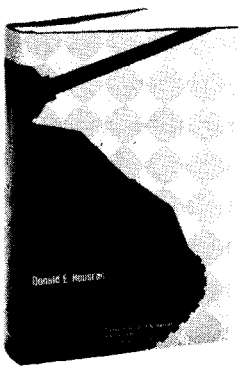

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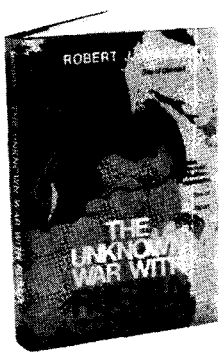

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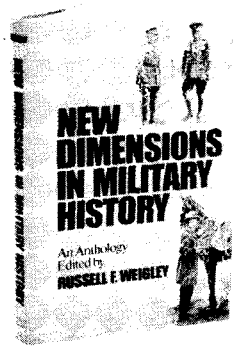

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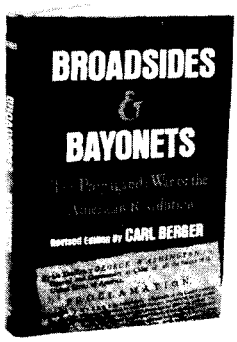

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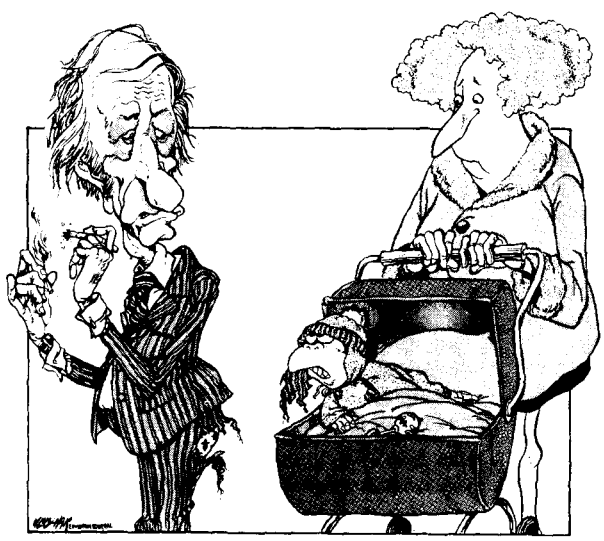
FOR THE RECORD

■ It's storm signals for **Jimmy Carter**. For the first time since Inauguration he has slipped under 50 per cent in the "we approve of the President's performance" polls. . . . His energy program was made mincemeat of in the Senate, suggests **Kevin Phillips**, not only because he hasn't figured out how to handle Majority Leader **Robert Byrd**, but because the polls show the energy program has lost popularity with the people since it breezed through the House in August. . . . The only Democratic senator on the Finance Committee to support the President on energy, says the *Washington Post*, was **Pat Moynihan**, and he confessed "that he didn't understand it very well." . . . Now Chairman **Al Ullman** of the powerful House Ways and Means Committee says he will personally try to kill any Administration proposal to cut taxes unless "there is overwhelming evidence that the economy has to have it." . . . And he's not even very persuasive. When Carter called in a number of important senators to urge their approval of the **Panama Canal** treaties, none of the unconverted emerged a convert. **Barry Goldwater** commented on leaving the Oval Office that he thought the American people would reject the treaties: "Don't ask me why. It's like the American flag. They're wrapped up in it."

■ For the record: The three Republican senators who voted against deregulation of natural gas on that close 50 to 46 vote were Eastern liberals **Jacob Javits** (N.Y.), **Clifford Case** (N.J.), and **Edward Brooke** (Mass.). . . . An oil man's nightmare in the making. If Sens. **James Eastland** and **John McClellan** decide not to run for re-election next year, which seems probable given their ages, that will leave **Edward Kennedy** in line for chairman of the House Judiciary Committee. Kennedy is on record as favoring the breakup of the Majors. . . . Heading the fight against a five-year extension of the tax-supported Legal Services Corp.—which was set up to provide legal services to the poor but is more often found to be lobbying for social reform—are three conservatives, **Jesse Helms** (N.C.), **Orrin Hatch** (Utah), and **S. I. Hayakawa** (Calif.). Hayakawa gives as an example of what the Legal Services Corp. does, which it shouldn't, its *amicus curiae* brief against **Bakke** in the Supreme Court case. . . . **Merritt Weisinger**, the lawyer for **Rita Clancy** who was admitted to the UC Davis medical school on a judge's order in a case paralleling Bakke's, suggests that Justice **Thurgood Marshall** disqualify himself on Bakke since he was onetime head of the NAACP which is pressing the UC Regents case. . . . Uproar on the West Coast when **Huey Newton**, and his Black Panther Party came out against the Regents and for Bakke. Newton called the quota system "regressive and divisive" and said any such program should aid "disadvantaged whites" as well as blacks.



Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco

"Anglais, is he?"

■ On the human rights front: Moscow announced that **Yuri Andropov**, head of the KGB, the man who was largely responsible for the crushing of the **Hungarian revolution** in 1956 and the **Prague spring** of '68, would visit Belgrade as the Helsinki human rights delegates arrived. . . . On Oct. 6 there was a brief, ugly riot in **East Berlin** with the crowds chanting "Russians out," a hazardous affair given the twenty Soviet divisions permanently stationed in East Germany. Authorities blame the Helsinki Basket Three provisions and the influence of West German TV for the unrest. . . . Sweeping West Germany, rumors that the Russians—unable to silence him, and fearing to imprison him—plan to expel **Andrei Sakharov**, as they did **Solzhenitsyn**. A West German human rights group claims a Soviet publishing house is preparing a book called *Concerning the Expulsion of A. D. Sakharov*.

■ Calling for a **Used Car Salesman Anti-Defamation League**: President **William Winpisinger** of the International Association of Machinists says organized labor needs a new image with a public that now puts it "just behind **Richard Nixon** and just in front of a used-car salesman in all the polls." And yep, the latest poll (**Gallup**) of how various categories are rated puts clergymen on top and the used car salesmen at the bottom.

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THE WEEK

■ NEWSPEAK: Reproductive Services Inc. is the name of the Texas outfit that performs 20,000 abortions a year.

■ Thousands of HEW bureaucrats may be late in getting their pay checks this month because the House and Senate conferees have been unable to find a middle ground on Medicare-paid abortions. Approval of that particular clause is holding up congressional passage of a $60.1 billion HEW budget for the fiscal year that started October 1. When the Supreme Court ruled last summer that the Constitution did not require the Federal Government to finance abortions, the House enacted a bill permitting government payment of such abortions only when the mother's life "is endangered." The Senate version was much broader, permitting federal funds to be used whenever an abortion was deemed "medically necessary" by a doctor. Usually these differences are ironed out in conference, with one house or the other compromising its stance. But this time the Lower House is holding firm. It is prepared only to widen the language of its bill to permit abortions in cases of rape or incest, and then only before the fact of pregnancy is ascertained. That stand is unacceptable to the Senate, whose liberal leadership favors a program which has meant in practice 200,000 government-financed abortions a year. One reason the House is standing firm is that abortion is now perceived as a critical issue on which a man's career can be made or broken, and all 435 congressmen are up for re-election next year. Another is that dedicated anti-abortionists in the House—among them Congressman Hyde, author of the anti-abortion amendment—consider this an issue on which no compromise is possible.

Thou Shalt Not Breed

While Saudis send us monthly bills,
The shale lies locked beneath the hills;
The gas awaits the driller's bite;
Off-shore, the riggers face a fight.
And propane, which proponents say
Would last us up to Judgment Day,
Has triggered nothing but a yawn
From Jimmy on the White House lawn.
As for plutonium, it's in
His pigeonhole assigned to sin.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ AND THIS MAN RAN FOR PRESIDENT? DEPT.: Apparently left with little to do after Jimmy Carter won the Democratic nomination over him, Congressman Mo Udall (D., Ariz.) sent empty envelopes to some of his constituents. A clerical error? Someone forgot to stuff the envelopes? No, let Mr. Udall explain it to you, as he did to Don Schellie of the *Tucson Citizen*: "As you are well aware, I am not often given to idle exercises [sic]. The empty envelope ploy was a carefully concocted scheme to test the nation's newspersons [sic] as to their responses to empty envelopes. You will be happy to know that no other newsperson in the Second Congressional District even acknowledged receipt of an empty envelope. . . ."

■ Last May, a few weeks after the Justice Department accorded him the distinction of being the first FBI agent ever to be indicted on a felony, John J. Kearney asked some information of his government. Charged by the Justice Department with obstruction of justice, illegal wiretaps, and illegal mail openings in the FBI's hunt for the Weather Underground, Kearney went to court seeking from the government evidence that the radical group was a national security threat and as such a legitimate target for warrantless wiretaps and mail openings. While the government has been providing Kearney with bits of information since then, the *New York Times* recently delivered a blockbuster. On October 9 the *Times*, having obtained a top-secret FBI study, revealed that in the late Sixties and early Seventies the Weathermen did indeed collaborate with hostile foreign powers. The 400-page study, prepared nine months before Kearney's indictment, reported that after the Weathermen went underground, they were in close contact with spies assigned to Cuba's UN mission in New York, which became their liaison with the rest of the radical world. Through Cuba's good offices, the radicals received messages from the North Vietnamese (who were not then in the UN), arranged transport into and out of the country, and studied guerrilla tactics in Cuba. The radicals' foreign relations will undoubtedly be revealed more fully in the course of Kearney's trial, a prospect that may prove embarrassing not only to Fidel Castro but also to a Justice Department that chooses to prosecute a man who tried to expose these relations.

■ Marse Jimmy I-Wouldn't-Lie-to-You Carter has once again redeemed his pledge to hold federal spending in check, this time by approving a 7.5 percent pay hike for some three million clearly underprivileged federal white collar toilers, initial cost, $3,400,000,000 a year.

■ Bloodbath? What bloodbath? "Cambodian Leader Moves to Counter Image of Brutality," headlined the *Washington Post*. In a five-hour speech at a mass meet-

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

"Our people are hungry for integrity and competence in government," said Jimmy Carter repeatedly during the campaign. That word "competence" was used nearly as often as "love," and even his enemies conceded that Carter would probably be a more competent President than Gerald Ford. But after less than a year of the Carter Presidency, the consensus among political observers and journalists here is that this just may be the most amateurish and incompetent Administration in modern memory. Outside of the Lance affair, which was blown out of all proportion partly because of Carter's stubbornness, there have been no crises. In fact, compared to other recent Administrations, Carter's first months in office have been downright tranquil. Nevertheless, despite the reservoir of good will in the nation and on the Hill, Carter's performance has been so startlingly inept that his approval rating has plunged to 46 per cent—just about where Richard Nixon stood a few months into Watergate.

Nothing has worked. His energy proposals, which were to represent his first great legislative achievement, have been gutted so thoroughly by the Senate that the talk now is of starting from scratch. His undermining of the Senate filibuster, undertaken by Senators Abourezk and Metzenbaum to support what they were told was the White House position, has alienated young liberal Democratic activists such as Gary Hart. And older, more conservative senators have been offended by Carter's repeated charges that they are unduly influenced by the oil and gas lobby. Carter himself, they point out, strongly championed deregulation during the campaign, flatly promising oil-state senators and governors that he would fight for it if elected.

This lack of consistency, of competence, has marked each of Carter's major domestic initiatives, from the proposed ceiling on hospital fees to tax reform. Nor is the foreign policy record any brighter. Many here now believe the Panama Canal treaties to be in deep trouble because of the failure of the White House to convince the public of their desirability and the Administration's apparent lack of candor. And the recent U.S.-Soviet Union joint communiqué on the Mideast hit the city like a neutron bomb. In one stroke, say the critics, Carter managed to restore Soviet influence in the Mideast, and he did so without a stab at preparing public opinion.

The problem is not to find something derogatory to say about the Carter Administration's performance thus far; rather, it's to find anything good to say. And one inevitable result is that conversation about Carter as a one-term President is becoming increasingly common here. No one at this point believes the Republicans can do the job. But the betting now is that Carter will face a strong challenge from within his own party. The barons of the Democratic Party are muttering loudly—and on the record—about Carter's lack of competence, and many here believe that Edward Kennedy's presidential aspirations are stirring strongly once more. And out in California, Jerry Brown continues to throw darts. Recently he sent emissaries from Sacramento to Washington to lecture the Administration on urban policy. And his recent and highly publicized trip to Canada to negotiate for natural gas is seen by many as an attempt by Brown to demonstrate his abilities in foreign affairs.

Carter may yet get the hang of it all. But if he doesn't, he will face stiff primary opposition. Brown supporters like to remind us that he entered six primaries at the last moment and, without saturation campaigning, beat Carter in five of them. As matters now stand, they maintain, Brown could today take every Western state primary, and his popularity in many Eastern states such as Maryland continues to rise as Carter's slips.

■ It's hard to take the Consumer Product Safety Commission (CPSC) seriously, especially when it announces, as it did last week, that it is considering the hazards attendant on use of grocery carts. Nevertheless, the CPSC may be the Trojan Horse which allows a version of the long-threatened Consumer Protection Agency to slip into the federal structure unnoticed. John Byington, CPSC director, has suggested that his agency be consolidated, along with the FDA and the Traffic Safety Commission, into a new Consumer Safety and Health Commission. Carter is said to like Byington's proposal, but the problem is that Carter doesn't like Byington, a Michigan Republican appointed by Gerald Ford. Therefore Carter may not officially propose the consolidation until Byington departs.

■ The best quote of the month comes from *Time*'s Washington bureau chief Hugh Sidey, discussing Carter's apparent intention to abolish the business lunch deduction: ". . . From luncheon ambience we have gotten novels, movies, brilliant law briefs, inspired political tactics, and even vital insights used by Presidents in guiding the nation. May Jimmy Carter's campaign against the business meal be drowned in infancy, preferably in a Madeira wine sauce."

—CATO

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ing in Phnom Penh, Premier Pol Pot said that "only the smallest possible number" of the regime's opponents had been "eradicated." Besides, only "1 or 2 per cent" of the people had opposed the revolution in the first place, from which it should be obvious that figures like a million or so people killed must be imperialist hyperbole. In Peking he asserted that his government had "wiped out illiteracy by 80 or 90 per cent," and that "tens of thousands of our young men and women work in the many branches of science and technology." Pol Pot's public relations team still has its work cut out for it. So far not even Andrew Young has toasted the new regime in Cambodia.

■ The grip of the hard Left on British affairs is vividly illustrated by the case of journalist Thomas Duncan, editor of London's *Newham Recorder*. All journalists in England are required to belong to the National Union of Journalists, controlled by extreme leftists. When the *Recorder* published a routine and objective interview with a leader of the racist National Party (which had recently held a demonstration against colored immigra-

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tion), the union (NUJ) fined Duncan $75. Duncan's own reporters sent the union's journal two letters protesting its vicious attack on him; neither was printed. In a display of courage rare in union-terrorized Britain, Duncan refused to pay the fine. The union expelled him. The question now is whether the NUJ and its ugly sisters among the printers will strike or otherwise harass the *Recorder* or its personnel. "Many British journalists," reports Edwin Roth in the *Detroit News*, "are now afraid these extreme leftists could cause them big trouble and could even drive them out of journalism."

■ THE HELSINKI WATCH: The Soviet delegate to the Belgrade conference, called to review the 1975 Helsinki agreement on European security and cooperation, mentioned human rights only once in the course of a long speech to the assembled dignitaries. Mr. Yuli M. Vorontsov must have considered that once was enough, having put his country on record as being anxious to guarantee "the fundamental human right to live." The Carter Administration, reversing field, has tacitly agreed not to press the Soviets on human rights, but look out Chile and South Korea.

■ A symposium on democracy was recently held, fittingly enough, in Athens, including delegates, less fittingly, from the governments of Tunisia, Yugoslavia, and Egypt, and from the Central Committee of the Italian Communist Party. In such company it was to be expected that democratic theory would undergo a few refinements. The Yugoslav opined that opposition parties are not necessary to true democracy. The Tunisian Prime Minister, Hedi Nouira, observed, "Poverty is the riches of the poor, who must invent their own form of democracy, which deserves the respect of the rich even if it doesn't meet their own, self-devised standards." Your guess is as good as ours, but we think he means that Tunisia is about as democratic as it's going to get, which we'd already figured.

■ The coming thing in secondary education these days is Holocaust Studies. Philadelphia and New York are considering history courses and units, mandatory for all students, in the Nazi slaughter of Jews. The rationale is not entirely clear. One New York educator says that the courses will enable "students of all races and religions in our public schools to understand the danger confronting all peoples when human rights are denied to any one people." Not very convincing: the obvious fact is that you can oppress and murder A without harming a hair on the head of B; indeed, if A is killed for his race, B would seem more safe as a member of a different race than he would have been had race *not* been the criterion. Jew-haters kill Jews. That horrible truism aside, it is not Jew-hating, but the breakdown of law, that endangers non-Jews. Had the German constitution been healthy, Hitler would have been able to persecute nobody. What the students need to study is the structure of law and liberty, not the bromides of pluralism. Everybody in the West faces a contemporary menace whose nature will not be understood by those intent on the defunct idiosyncrasies of Nazism. The terrorist state is still the great reality of the twentieth century, and our schools have never heard of it.

■ Oswald indeed shot Kennedy, concluded a recent ABC special—but not without the help of Lyndon Johnson, the Mafia, the CIA, and assorted Cubans. *The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald* was the latest addition to the swelling breed of TV docu-dramas, and it exhibited all the family traits—vagueness, insinuation, frequent cuts from fact to fancy. Reviewers were not pleased. "Since ABC has asked for our vote," wrote the *New York Times*, "we're glad to give it: The offense is gross irresponsibility, and the network is guilty."

■ SPECIAL TO TEDDY WHITE: Richard Nixon made his first post-Watergate political appearance at an Orange County fund-raiser; John Mitchell, former campaign manager, will be eligible for parole in June. Just remember, ya heard it *here* first.

■ Idi Amin has denounced as a "vicious rumor" a story widely reported in the Western press that 200,000 Ugandans had died in a thirty-day bus crash.

■ GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN: Some 940 New Yorkers have been receiving monthly checks from the city's Social Security Administration for up to four months after their deaths.

■ Thought you'd like to know that Djibouti has been elected, by acclamation, to be the 148th member of the United Nations.

Why the PLO? the Soviets?

Henry Kissinger's Middle East diplomacy almost certainly represents his finest achievement as Secretary of State. The Soviets were thrown out of Egypt and their influence in Syria negated. The more moderate Mideast states, Egypt, and, for the first time, Syria, as well as Saudi Arabia, Jordan, and Iran, moved toward the West. The Suez Canal was opened. Egypt actually fought a short and nasty war with the radical and pro-Soviet Libyans. The radical Palestine Liberation Organization suffered a series of crushing defeats—in Gaza, Jordan, the Golan Heights, and, in 1976, southern Lebanon.

In a stunning reversal, the Carter Administration may now have aborted this whole achievement. To be sure,

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Canal Zone Query

Dear Mr. Linowitz:

I write
Imploring you to shed some light
Upon a "Señor Escobar,"
Whose quotes have been a bit bizarre.
He says that what you said he said
Suggests, Sir, that you've been misled;
That if you say that's what he signed,
You've blown your (phrase deleted) mind.
Before the hearings make you ill,
Do clarify.

Sincerely,
Bill

W. H. VON DREELE

the provocation offered by the Begin government had to be met. The Israeli policy of establishing settlements on the West Bank pointed toward a larger policy of annexation which no Arab government could possibly accept. The annexation policy of the Begin government directly threatened U.S. interests in the area.

But does that mean that the PLO, defeated and decimated, has to be revived and rewarded with a seat at the Geneva Conference? Strangely, Carter describes this faction, militarily and politically bankrupt, as representing a "substantial part" of the three million Palestinians—most of whom are citizens of Jordan and other nations. Just as improbably, the Carter Administration has invited the Soviet Union back into the Middle East, issuing a joint declaration that seems likely to dilute UN Resolution 242, heretofore the basis for U.S. policy in the area. Carter has also described the Soviet stance as moderate, and may even believe his own words—even though the Soviets have turned Libya into an arms depot, a ticking bomb targeted on U.S. ally Sadat, and even though the Soviets are fomenting mischief everywhere on the African continent, from the Horn to the Cape of Good Hope.

Was there no other way to put pressure on the Begin government to cease and desist on the West Bank? The Soviet goal in the Middle East has never been and is not now a stable settlement. Such a settlement would directly threaten Soviet designs in the area. The Soviet goal has been and is the toppling of moderate governments, the radicalization of the area, and the denial to the West of vital resources and important sea routes.

The strategic blindness of the Administration was matched by a political ineptitude which is becoming all too familiar. Congress was not consulted or brought into the policy-making process. No convincing rationale was proferred. This was the energy program, so to speak, projected onto a global scale. And, as usual, when confronted with an uproar, Administration spokesmen claimed that what had been done had not been done, and that the Administration did not mean what in fact it had said.

Three years to go. Let us pray.

Carterizing Taiwan

Mr. Robert Abboud, chairman and chief executive officer of the First National Bank of Chicago, was an early backer of Jimmy Carter, and it will not have escaped attention that the First National Bank also figured in some of Bert Lance's more *recherché* financial dealings.

On September 30, the *Wall Street Journal* reported that the "First National Bank of Chicago, in a major policy change, has decided to curtail business with Taiwan sharply in hopes of winning China's favor. A First Chicago official said the bank has made 'a strategic decision to promote the business relationship' between China and the U.S. It clearly intends to do so at the expense of business in Taiwan. The move marks the first time that a major U.S. multinational bank has backed off publicly from its support of Taiwan."

Subsequently inquiry at the First National Bank evoked a denial of the statement quoted by the *Journal*. No, according to this denial, the curtailment of loans to Taiwan represented a purely business decision and was entirely unconnected with forthcoming transactions with the Mainland.

Well, as for us, we think First National of Chicago knows something the rest of us are going to find out only too soon.

Canal Hardball

The latest Canal uproar had its origins two weeks ago when Carlos Lopez Guevara, one of the Panamanian negotiators, told our embassy in Panama that, contrary to popular opinion, the treaties did not give the U.S. carte blanche to intervene in the Canal's defense after 1999. The embassy put Mr. Lopez' remarks into a confidential cable; Senator Robert Dole's exposure of its contents sent Administration functionaries scurrying, some to the Panamanians for clarification, others to the press for a blast at Dole—to which the Senator replied by charging that the State Department had tried to malign him in the Senate Ethics Committee.

Lopez has not been alone in his cavilling. Rómulo Escobar Bethancourt, Panama's chief negotiator, expressed similar sentiments before the National Assembly in August. What is going on is an effort to soothe the Panamanian extreme left, which opposes Yankee intervention in any form. But Torrijos' underlings must be careful lest, in nailing down support for the treaties at

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home, they destroy it here. Even Frank Church, in a sunburst, has conceded that "this is a matter which must be clarified"; and if the Senate is not convinced that the treaties mean what the Administration says they mean, it will reject them. Period.

As for the prodigal cable, the Carter Administration should be informed that, in the major leagues, they use hardballs. The Senate will do whatever it must to determine the intentions of our fellow signatories, and to guarantee our interests.

Constitutional Shell Game

The worst abuses of the Constitution have occurred when new provisions have been rammed into it despite the massive opposition of large numbers of citizens. The Fourteenth Amendment was passed only by excluding the states of the Confederacy from voting on ratification, and it became, in time, the wedge of a considerable revision of the original federal structure: the "Federal" Government is now really a central government, of nearly comprehensive authority rather than of enumerated powers. The Eighteenth Amendment was largely the expression of nativist Protestant resentment of Catholic immigrants; and Prohibition stands high among the disgraces of our history. What Willmoore Kendall called our constitutional morality requires that the amending process be used sparingly and deliberately—not to express the kind of factional interest Madison deplores in *The Federalist* No. 10, but rather to embody a settled consensus on the need for change.

The Equal Rights Amendment has no such deep and broad support. Its legitimacy is seriously questioned by so many people that not only has its momentum been abruptly and decisively halted, but some states have taken the apparently unprecedented action of voting to rescind their own previous ratification—thereby posing a further constitutional problem.

In the face of all this, the Carter Administration and some leading members of the Congress are trying to circumvent the crystallizing resistance by extending the deadline for ratification beyond March 22, 1979. That was the date specified by Congress in 1972 when it adopted ERA; if it couldn't pass the state legislatures in seven years, Congress reasoned, it didn't deserve a place in the fundamental law of the land. Now the issue is more divisive than ever, and yet the President and his allies are, for that very reason, prepared to tinker with the prescribed ratification process in order to get their way.

A constitutional amendment is not a good-will gesture, an act of gallantry, a New Year's resolution, or a town ordinance: it is an alteration of the permanent form of our government. The partisan frivolity of the ERA forces is alien to the notion that the deliberate sense of the people is the best and final guarantor of liberty—the principle upon which the Constitution is still, as we go to press, based. Amendment by procedural pettifoggery would signify the decline of a serious philosophy of government.

Minimum Employment

The House has approved an increase in the $2.30 minimum wage to $2.65 next year, rising to $3.05 by 1980. Not to be outdone, the Senate upped the ante to $3.15 in 1980 and $3.40 in 1981—an increase of 12 per cent a year. If that is intended to keep up with inflation, Congress knows more about what lies ahead than it is letting on.

The fact that the minimum wage has never before been raised very much, and never extended to all workers, indicates an unspoken recognition that wages cannot just be set arbitrarily without an adverse impact on jobs. Otherwise, the minimum could safely be raised to $10 an hour or more and extended to babysitters.

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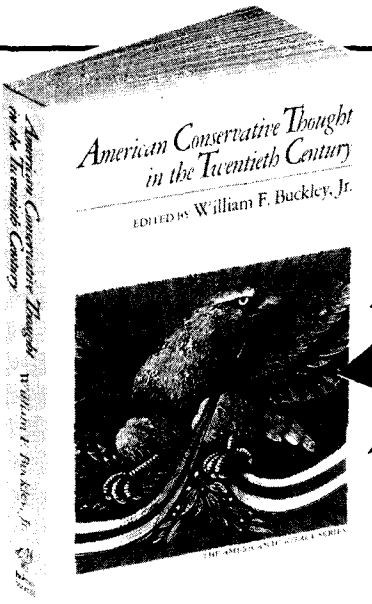
If you could fortify a student with advice from Bill Buckley, James Burnham, Jeffrey Hart, Whittaker Chambers (and many more) wouldn't you welcome the opportunity?



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Wages are ultimately paid by consumers, not by employers. An employer who pays employees more than they add to revenues will not survive in the competition for capital; an employer who pays much less will not survive in the competition to attract and retain workers.

A legislated increase in the wage floor would ultimately have to be recovered in higher prices in low-wage industries. Hamburgers in fast food franchises, for example, would be more costly. If that resulted in fewer hamburgers being sold, as is likely, then job opportunities in that business would grow less rapidly. If consumers instead bought just as many hamburgers at the higher price, less of their income would be left for other purchases, so that employment in some other industries (such as apparel manufacturing or retailing) would be less than otherwise.

A study by Edward Gramlich found that for every three workers employed at about the minimum wage, there are two who earn even less, which suggests that the law has been impossible to enforce among millions of small businesses. If a higher minimum wage reduced employment in covered occupations, more job seekers would flood the market in legally or illegally uncovered occupations. The result would be that those earning below-minimum wages would have their wages further depressed by more intense competition for exempt jobs.

One way of evading the minimum wage law is to hire illegal aliens, who are in no position to report their employers. Raising the minimum wage would therefore encourage more illegal immigration.

Since at least three-fourths of those employed at or near the minimum wage are teenagers and other secondary workers, rather than family heads, the windfall for those who are lucky enough to retain their jobs at the higher wage will not have much effect on the number of poor families. An Urban Institute study by Terrence Kelly finds that only 19 per cent of the minimum wage workers are from poor families. There is no reason why each job must be capable of supporting a family of four, since smaller multiple-earner families are the rule rather than the exception.

In the end, the only way to raise real income per hour is to raise real output per hour—real wage rates reflect the productivity of labor and capital. Certain groups can raise their relative incomes by restricting the supply of skills (e.g., through occupational licensing), but widespread efforts in this direction reduce the overall growth of real wages and create a surplus of "outsiders" at or below the legislated wage floor.

Many of the jobs done by low-wage labor would not be done by higher-wage labor if the minimum wage is increased. Instead, the jobs would simply cease to exist because consumers would not value the product or service highly enough to reimburse employers for the labor cost. Specialization may be inefficiently eliminated (do-it-yourself projects), consumption of some products may permanently shrink, personal services may cease to exist, or machines may replace people.

Substituting machines for men does not mean that total capital formation increases more than otherwise, only that it is diverted in certain directions due to faulty price signals (labor is really in surplus, but priced as though it were not). Although a higher minimum wage may make capital relatively cheaper than labor, it lowers the profitability of capital that would otherwise be used in combination with low-wage labor. The result is that supplies of both labor and capital are smaller than otherwise, reducing real income growth.

The logic and evidence are overwhelming that minimum wage rates reduce the growth of employment and real income, and reduce wage rates for the lowest-paid workers. The real intent of such legislation may be deduced from the fact that high-wage labor unions lobby so strenuously for increases in the minimum wage. The purpose of high minimum wage rates is to impose a tariff on jobs at the entry level, thus providing fewer and less stable jobs to young people—keeping them from acquiring training that would eventually impose a competitive restraint on union privileges. In voting to substantially increase the minimum wage, Congress is simply demonstrating that young people lack the political clout of organized labor.

Wasted Energy

The Administration's program having breezed so easily by the House, it is encouraging to see that the Senate is made of sterner stuff. By 50 to 46, the Senate passed the Bentsen-Pearson amendment to deregulate the price of new natural gas. The Senate Finance Committee voted 11 to 6 to block the wellhead tax on domestic oil. Taxes on gasoline and "gas guzzling" cars are dead, and the discriminatory tax on certain business uses of oil and gas appears likely to be narrowed or eliminated.

As a result of such skirmishes President Carter has declared war on the Senate, admonishing that distinguished body to "act responsibly" and "reject narrow, special interest attacks on all segments of the national energy plan." But blaming the Senate's sanity on "the lobbying efforts of oil and gas industries" just won't wash. The Carter plan has been roundly criticized by, among others, the General Accounting Office, the Library of Congress, the Office of Technology Assessment, and the Congressional Budget Office. Experts at the Energy Research and Development Agency and at the U.S. Geological Survey were suspiciously laid off—after estimating that the nation would be awash with natural gas if prices were decontrolled. Among private economists there is virtually universal agreement that the Carter plan involves huge costs and negligible benefits—particularly when compared with the simple option of

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using prices rather than politics to determine which energy uses consumers value most highly, and which energy sources are most likely to justify their costs.

Two economists from the Rand Corporation, Charles Phelps and Rodney Smith, reason that the proposed windfall taxes on domestic crude oil would reduce supply and leave demand unaffected. Marginal prices for refined oil products are set in the world market, they argue, so that controls on crude prices just shift profit from domestic crude producers to importers and refiners. Taxing U.S. crude would instead shift these profits to the government, thus discouraging domestic oil production and having no effect on consumer prices or conservation. The net effect would be even more oil imports.

The President's claim that decontrolling natural gas prices would cost consumers $10 billion a year is even more transparently misleading. If gas prices are kept low for those businesses and households allowed to use gas, demand will stay high. The gap between a growing demand and falling domestic supply will be met with costly gas and oil imports, so that prices must rise. If instead the pipelines just pump less gas, then their cost must be spread over fewer units of gas. Either way, the cost to consumers is bound to end up higher. Otherwise, the pipelines would be driven to the alternatives of using more imports, or operating below capacity in order to minimize costs.

In rejecting President Carter's energy austerity program, the Senate is being neither irresponsible nor the docile pawn of the oil industry. Ending the government controls that caused the problems is not inaction, and expanding those controls is not an energy plan.

Light in the Dungeon

Amnesty International—which received the year's Nobel Peace Prize—was founded in 1961 as a private, volunteer organization opposed to the torture and capricious detention of nonviolent political prisoners. Since then it has intervened on behalf of dissidents in the Soviet Union, East Germany, and Cuba, and it was the first organization to expose the true nature of Soviet "psychiatry." But Amnesty has also committed a number of howlers; in 1972 they sent an observer to the trial of Daniel Ellsberg, while their 1973 report on torture devoted 25 pages to Greece, two to Communist China, and one paragraph to North Korea. The torture report, indeed, is something of a paradigm. Amnesty investigates both left and non-left governments; but its zeal in exposing the sins of the latter is disproportionate and in some cases —Ellsberg's, for instance—plain silly.

One reason for this political astigmatism is structural —the more brutish a government, the tighter its security, and so the milder regimes can come off looking worse simply because it is easier to gather data on them (the military junta invited Amnesty to Chile, and got blasted for its pains). These problems are exacerbated by the fact that many of Amnesty's volunteer members are hard leftists, and some of their attitudes over the years have been strange indeed. Several wanted to fight for Daniel Berrigan, while one recruiter declared, "I don't believe in prisons."

Still, Amnesty makes genuine efforts to issue balanced reports and wouldn't it be nice—Nobel Prize, or no—if they were successful? Its aim, to ease the lot of the political prisoner in no matter whose dungeon, is what the Nobel Peace Prize should be about.

Yes, Virginia, There Is a PIE

An English group called the Paedophile Information Exchange—honest—has taken the sexual revolution forward another step: it represents what might be called child-molesters' lib. According to the *London Daily Telegraph*, PIE's demands include the legal and social acceptance of paedophilia, the recognition of what PIE calls "the need [yes, "need"] in Britain for a group of those men and women who are sexually attracted to young people of 17 and below," and the lowering of the age of consent. The membership of PIE seems to be exclusively male and homosexual, but other homosexual groups have refused them places on the platforms of their conventions.

The natural question is on what grounds homosexuals may rationally discriminate against those of other "sexual and affectional orientation," as the phrase goes. If casual sex is licit and innocent, why draw the line at children? The traditional idea has been that sex should be confined to marriage—i.e., to those united by biological complementarity and permanent mutual commitment. Once that idea is abandoned, a rationale for restraint for any act short of rape is hard to come up with. As M. J. Sobran Jr. points out in the current issue of the *Human Life Review*, the homosexual subculture is remarkable for its hostility to all sexual norms: while heterosexuals protest some acts and displays as debasing to sexuality, homo-

Special, for Mr. Carter

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight;
Make me a candidate—just for tonight.
Spirit me back to my submarine watch
Far from the nagging of Begin and Koch.
Once, let me tiptoe through peanuts with Mom;
Send me to Sunday school, waving a palm.
Choir boy! Choir girl! Hum me a hymn.
Suddenly, everything's terribly dim.

W. H. von Dreele

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sexuals seldom or never acknowledge as legitimate the very categories of "perversion" and "obscenity," because they recognize no model (or possibility of a model) in sexual matters. The gay ideology is inherently promiscuous, resisting any identification of sexuality with consecration of the person to familial and social purposes.

As Sobran writes, "If homosexuality is not to be regarded as deviant behavior, what is? Anything at all? What about intercourse with animals? . . . What about sex with children? With the dead? Are these too 'valid lifestyles'? The homosexual is annoyed when such questions are posed, but there is no reason in principle why he should be. As Dr. Johnson observed, the levelers always want to level *down* to themselves, but can't bear leveling up to themselves."

So far, homosexual polemics have relied on bathetic self-portraits of persecuted gays as a victim group whose sorrows rival those of blacks, Jews, and Gulag prisoners. That won't do. The claims to "rights" they advance raise large and difficult questions, and as the emergence of PIE indicates, the implications can't be shrieked away. Homosexuality itself may not lead to child-molesting, but it is by no means clear that explicit tolerance of the one doesn't lead, ineluctably, to tolerance of the other.

New Oxford Movement

During the nineteenth century, an intellectually powerful and highly effective movement toward Anglican orthodoxy arose at Oxford University. Its most famous product was John Henry Newman, who at length left the Church of England to become a Catholic and eventually a Cardinal. Other leaders of the movement, however, such as John Keble and Edward Pusey, remained within the Church of England and powerfully influenced it in the direction of doctrinal and liturgical orthodoxy. In essence all of these men were reacting against the rationalism and skepticism of the eighteenth century, which had exerted a diluting effect upon Anglican doctrine and practice.

Within the U.S. Episcopal Church, a powerful traditionalist dissident movement has now emerged. Its intellectual leaders consciously appeal to the example of the Oxford Movement. It possesses a first-rate theological-cultural-literary periodical called the *New Oxford Review*. On an institutional level, the movement was given impetus recently in St. Louis when 1,500 dissidents met to form the Anglican Church in North America. This church now has 18 secessionist parishes and countless less formal groupings throughout the country. (See also "The Crack in the Anglican Dam," *NR*, Oct. 14.)

Within the regular Episcopal Church, moreover, conservatives appear to be regaining some initiative, and, indeed, the breakaway Anglican Church in America has recently been a principal focus of hierarchical concern.

Berhrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

"Now look, Gentlemen. . ."

The media tend to stress the ordination of women priests as the principal cause of the new dissidence, but the issues are much more varied. The new Anglicans and the conservative Episcopalians object strenuously to the Marxizing social and economic views of influential members of the hierarchy. They despise the new liturgy, which has replaced the Book of Common Prayer. They do not think church officialdom should be cozying up to Puerto Rican bomb throwers and they do not like it when New York's Bishop Paul Moore ordains a militant lesbian. They are doctrinally orthodox, and, oddly enough, believe that words mean what they say.

The new American Oxford Movement is as yet in an early phase, but it has enlisted some potent intellects and it appears to be working with the social and cultural grain.

Notes & Asides

■ Notice to Our Readers

From: WFB

We inaugurate in this issue a new feature, designed to please the eye and lift the spirit. It is a center spread devoted primarily to political cartoons. Mostly, these will be original. Always, they will include a drawing from the fabled John Kreuttner, who has come back from the pastures with renewed ferocity, and our reliable and favorite standbys Mary Gauerke and Mal Hancock. But we will also include occasional cartoons from the foreign press, and from U.S. syndicated artists, notably the great MacNelly. And also, from time to time, some patter

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verse, including a bonus or two from W. H. von Dreele.

■ Memo to: All concerned
From: WFB

The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW take great pleasure in announcing the election of M. J. Sobran as a Senior Editor. Joe Sobran is a graduate of Eastern Michigan University, where he also did graduate work in English. He has been with NATIONAL REVIEW for five years, serving as an editorial writer, columnist, and principal Wills-watcher. He is married to the former Jeanne Wacker, copy editor for *NR*, and lives in Kingston, New Jersey.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

To help arouse support for this cause, please read the enclosed—words for a folksong. Unfortunately, I do not know how to write the music. Do you know of someone who could set these words to music? I will certainly appreciate your help if you do.

Unfortunately, I am not able to afford the cost of hiring a composer. On the other hand, if the song should be a hit, I would welcome part of the income, as I have two sons in college.

Thank you for any help you are able to give me.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Rebecca Y. Raymond
Charlotte, N.C.

P.S. The facts in the verses have been carefully researched.

"The Big Ditch"

The Panama Canal was the meanest fifty miles
That any crew of men had to dig.

Through jungle & swampland, the hottest, wettest country
They also moved a mountain big.

So don't give it away, our title is quite lawful.
Betraying those ancestors is really something awful.

Chorus: Many paid with their lives
Many paid with their tax
With their sacrifices we must not be so lax.

Ships of all nations
Use this ditch with good relations.

The U.S. is sure to rue the day,
It gives land acquired by pay.

Russia'll want Alaska back,
Spain would like the Florida tract.

Give Louisiana back to France,
That will make their natives dance.

Chorus: Many paid with their lives
Many paid with their tax
With their sacrifices we must not be so lax.

Half a million men dug through jungle, swamps & mountain
Many of them did not come back.

Some fought Malaria, some fought with Yellow Fever
And Bubonic plague some bodies wracked.

So don't give it away, though politicians taunt you
Half a million men will be coming back to haunt you.

Chorus: Many paid with their lives
Many paid with their tax
With their sacrifices we must not be so lax.

Dear Mrs. Raymond: The Big Search has begun for suitable music for The Big Ditch. Regards, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

I was interested in your speculation that if the Vietnamese refugees were Israeli refugees "bobbing around in open boats" that the response would be different. Did you see the movie *Voyage of the Damned*? While the movie may have lost something in being converted from fact to film, its story is a reminder that Jewish refugees from Hitlerism were indeed turned aside, even by the United States, and were left bobbing around in open boats. Maybe that's why we Jews, whose memories bob in our gut, would not suffer silently the same fate again. And why too, Israel, in Menahem Begin's first act as Prime Minister, provided safe haven for Vietnamese refugees.

Cordially,
Nathan [Perlmutter]
New York

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Aug. 27, 1977

You are the Tito of Yale, the Stalin of the publishing business, and the Mao of Stamford, Connecticut.

Go back to Russia.

Very truly yours,
William M. Massee
69 Water Street
Norway, Maine 04268

Dear Mr. Buckley: Sept. 9, 1977

You are an atheist and a Communist.

Sincerely,
William M. Massee
Norway, Maine

Dear Mr. Massee: And *you* are a bloody *Norwegian*!
—WFB

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Anatomy of the French Crisis

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

THE "COMMON PROGRAM OF THE LEFT" was adopted in 1972 by the French "Common Front" of the Communist Party, Socialist Party, and small Left Radical Party. It was the "platform," as we would say, for the Common Front in the 1974 presidential campaign in which the Front's candidate, François Mitterrand, lost by less than 2 per cent, and for this year's nationwide local elections that the Front won.

Last Spring the Communists urged revision of the Common Program in preparation for the National Assembly election due in March 1978. The Socialists weren't eager to tamper with it, but had to go along, since some sections had become obviously obsolescent. The Left Radicals were in no position to object. So in July representatives of the three parties began discussions about a revised edition. During the night of September 23-24 the discussions were broken off. They have not been renewed. The open break was triggered by the issue of nationalization.

It is elegantly appropriate that the breaking point was the classic and best known doctrine of Marxism—the doctrine that Communism and Socialism are generally supposed to share. Let us examine more closely what happened.

The original Common Program contained a sizable dose of nationalization —enough to send the Paris stock market into an agonized slump when the polls showed the Front leading. It called for completing the nationalization of the nine primary economic sectors, notably including the banks. Its wording did not specify whether this applied to the wholly owned subsidiaries of the companies, many of which are big conglomerates. The Communists proposed that the revised program should make this extension explicit. At the start of this summer's discussions, the Communists demanded nationalization for more than one thousand firms. The Socialists initially countered with a maximum of two hundred. By the September session the Communists had dropped to just under eight hundred, and the Socialists had raised to about 275. At that level the Socialists balked: balked, that is to say, at the proposal to make France socialist.

The Game Is Power

The dispute was not merely over economic structure. The Common Program provides that a nationalized enterprise shall be run by a troika of government appointees, administrators, and worker representatives. The Communists control most unions, including all in the major industries, and the major labor federation (CGT), the president of which (Georges Séguy) is a member of the Communist Politburo. Thus the worker representatives would be Communist in most cases.

In a Mitterrand government arising from the March election (in which the Socialists will have the larger vote), the Communists would not expect to get such internationally provocative ministries as defense or foreign affairs. They would plausibly and probably successfully claim ministries charged with economic and social matters. These would be the active ministries in selecting the governmental third of the troikas. Thus the Communists would be in a position to get control of two of the three troika units and thereby of the nationalized enterprises.

The French Communists' concern is not with nationalization as a principle or form but, as always with Leninists, with power.

Still more is involved in nationalization's power equation. Carried as far as the Communists have been proposing, nationalization means the transformation of the French economy into authoritarian statism, which experience has shown to be incompatible with political democracy. This is why democratic socialists in practice—often lately, like the West German Social Democrats, in theory also—repudiate doctrinaire socialism and settle for the *mixed* economy which experience has shown to be, up to a point at least, compatible with political democracy.

Under the pressures of the Left alliance and of his own left wing (known as *Céres*) Mitterrand has been playing Left politics. He has rejected the label, "social democrat," and has scornfully criticized Helmut Schmidt. But Marchais brought the inner contradiction of Mitterrand's socialism into the open, and forced him to confront the real meaning of Marxist revolution. Mitterrand—not being himself, in spite of his occasional rhetoric, a genuine revolutionary—backed away.

In his battle with Mitterrand—the Common Front has always been in reality a battleground, not an alliance —Marchais now holds the superior tactical position.

For believers in pluralist democracy, the ballot is the essence of politics. Winning the next election is the bull's eye, and gets the prize. Leninists are not indifferent to elections, but rate them as subsidiary factors in the power equation. The power base of the French Communist Party is not its percentage of votes but its disciplined, hardened cadres, its control of the key trade unions, its penetration of the media, its pervasive influence among intellectuals and academics, its galaxy of fronts and auxiliaries, its hundreds of cells—some now functioning openly—spread through the police and armed forces.

Communism Is Communism

By losing the March election, Mitterrand loses all. If the Left wins and he becomes Premier, Mitterrand will have to rely on Communist sufferance and will therefore be, in the last analysis, a captive of the Communists.

Marchais, as he judges, has nothing of critical importance to lose either way, and by his show of revolutionary intransigence expects to strengthen his party in the factories and to attract the younger, militant Socialists of the *Céres* faction.

Raymond Aron, in his sardonic way, summed up the lesson of this autumnal French crisis: "Eurocommunism resembles the Eurodollar: it is still Communism even when it christens itself, or is christened by others, 'Eurocommunism,' just as a Eurodollar is still a dollar." □

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THE BAKKE CASE

The Courts V. Self-Government

PAUL H. CONNOLLY

On February 22 of this year the U. S. Supreme Court announced that sometime during its next term, beginning October 1, it will hear an appeal of the Regents of the University of California from a decision made last year by the California Supreme Court. In that decision the State court ruled that Mr. Allan Bakke, a white student now in his mid-thirties, was unjustly denied admission to the medical school of the University of California at Davis in 1973 and 1974, since students whose academic records were demonstrably inferior to Mr. Bakke's were preferentially accepted under a special admission program. That program, initiated in 1970, reserved 16 of one hundred openings for "disadvantaged" members of racial or ethnic minorities who were judged fully qualified to satisfactorily complete medical studies, though their undergraduate grades were not competitive with other applicants'. The program's objectives were, first, to promote aspiration for, and access to, medical careers previously denied such students by disadvantageous socioeconomic circumstances; and second, to diversify—and thereby enrich—both the student body and the medical profession. But whatever the objectives, the program, Mr. Bakke charged, was racially biased against him, depriving him of equal protection under the Fourteenth Amendment. Upon learning that the State court's ruling in Mr. Bakke's favor would be reviewed, Supreme Court observers immediately anticipated a landmark decision on the constitutionality of what critics of preferential admission consider "reverse discrimination."

When the California courts ruled against the Regents of the University, students and civil rights groups angrily insisted that the University had not prosecuted the case vigorously, and one state legislator reportedly predicted that the appeal in Washington would also be lost because the handling of the case had been "less than competent." On March 14, however, the University of California announced that it had retained Archibald Cox—renowned Watergate Special Prosecutor, Solicitor General of the United States during 1961-65, and professor at Harvard Law School since 1965—to serve as general counsel to the University's legal team and to present oral arguments before the Supreme Court. Henceforth, few would question the competence or commitment of the legal talent, but anyone suspecting that Mr. Cox is mere window-dressing has yet to read *The Role of the Supreme Court in American Government*, a thin but lucidly perceptive book which originated as four lectures at All Souls College, Oxford, early in 1975.

It is normally difficult, perhaps imprudent, to anticipate the general principles which may be reasoned before the Court in so significant a case. But in his book Mr. Cox, analyzing the widely publicized 1974 appeal of Mr. Marco De Funis that he had been unfairly denied admission to the University of Washington Law School, examines the application of the Fourteenth Amendment's "Equal Protection Clause" and explains why, on the question of preferential admission to professional schools, "the time for a rigid constitutional rule has not yet come." The De Funis case became moot before the Supreme Court could decide it, but Cox's reflections, in addition to suggesting the reasoning he may employ before the Court, provoke a thoughtful consideration of the increasing political activism of our courts.

Cox introduced his lectures with an observation borrowed from Alexis de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*: "Scarcely any political question arises in the United States that is not resolved, sooner or later, into a judicial question." Cox agrees with this perception, but detects present consequences of the situation which the French aristocrat could not foresee during his visit to America in 1831-32.

In Chapter VI of the first part of his study of democracy, Tocqueville noted that though an American judge "can only pronounce a decision when litigation has arisen, . . . is conversant only with special cases, and . . . cannot act until the cause has been duly brought before the court," nevertheless he has "immense political power," exceeding that of the magistrates of other nations. How is this so? Because, explains Tocqueville, "Americans have acknowledged the right of the judges to found their decisions on the *Constitu-*

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tion rather than on the laws." Thus, "Whenever a law which the judge holds to be unconstitutional is invoked in a tribunal of the United States, he may refuse to admit it as a rule." *This* is the source of extraordinary political influence, since "few laws can escape the searching analysis of the judicial power for any length of time, for there are few which are not prejudicial to some private interest or other, and none which may not be brought before a court of justice. . . ."

Tocqueville, however, felt that the potential evils of such power are checked by the fact that a judge cannot enter the political arena of his own will: "He only judges the law because he is obliged to judge a case." Furthermore, he maintained that the power of pronouncing a statute to be unconstitutional has a very salutary effect in that it "forms one of the most powerful barriers which has ever been devised against the tyranny of political assemblies." He did recognize that if a judge "pronounces upon a law without proceeding from a case, he clearly steps beyond his sphere, and invades that of the legislative authority." But this possibility did not seem to him as significant as the judiciary's role in preserving liberty and public order. What Tocqueville could not foresee was another form of judicial politics wherein a court might use the occasion of a particular case to construe loosely the probable intended meaning of the Constitution, as historically determined, and find in the Constitution's deliberately general wording a frail justification for articulating current political philosophy.

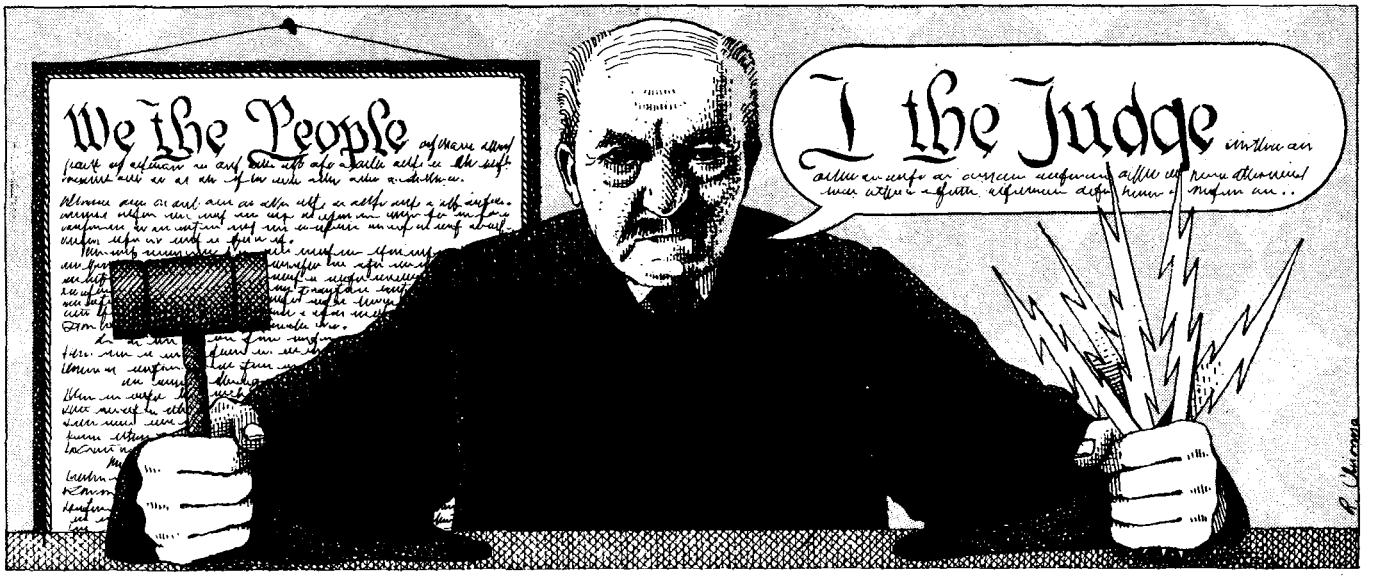
A century and a half ago Tocqueville was impressed by the fact that magistrates "interfere in public affairs only by chance, but by a chance which recurs every day." But since the advent of the Warren era—and continuing through the Burger court, which President Nixon deliberately buttressed with four "strict constructionists"—judicial activism has become a commonplace. For Cox as for Tocqueville, however, political institutions must be watchfully guarded if freedom is to be preserved. The "currently pressing question" which concerns Cox in his book is, therefore, "how far can and should the federal judiciary resolve by constitutional interpretation questions of public policy which are also fit for resolution through the political process?"

Before turning to the issue of "promotion of equality under the Fourteenth Amendment," Cox explores the political impact of the Supreme Court in recent decisions on freedom of expression and on the right of privacy. After cautiously inquiring whether the Court overextended the constitutionally protected freedom of the press in the Pentagon Papers case and in various decisions relaxing the libel laws, Cox considers the Court's extreme reluctance to censor any language, however offensive, or any publication, however obscene. "Does the guarantee of freedom of speech leave any scope," he wonders, "for legislation designed to protect the moral, aesthetic, or patriotic sensibilities of the community, or to preserve the tone of public discourse?"

'How far can and should the federal judiciary resolve by constitutional interpretation questions of public policy which are also fit for resolution through the political process?"

Archibald Cox is no reactionary, and he readily admits that the judgments he questions are "at worst, minor blemishes," and that on the whole "the free speech decisions of the past twenty years have expanded liberty and strengthened self-government." What continues to trouble him, however, is how often the Court's decisions "reflect the Justices' view of wise policy rather than anything to be found in the Constitution."

Even more troublesome, he suggests, are the 1973 abortion decisions in *Roe* v. *Wade* and *Doe* v. *Bolton*. Again he wonders if the State does not have a compelling interest in "maintaining that respect for the paramount sanctity of human life which has always been at the center of Western civilization, not merely by guarding 'life' itself, however defined, but by safeguarding the penumbra, whether at the beginning . . . or at death." And again he concludes that "the Justices read into the generalities of the Due Process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment a new 'fundamental



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right' not remotely suggested by the words"—a judgment shared by the dissenters from the majority opinion in *Roe* v. *Wade*: Justice White, who could "find nothing in the language or history of the Constitution to support the Court's judgment"; and Justice Rehnquist, who felt the decision "partakes more of judicial legislation than it does of a determination of the intent of the drafters of the Fourteenth Amendment." The Court, Cox adds, "failed to establish the legitimacy of the decision by not articulating a precept of sufficient abstractness to lift the ruling above the level of a political judgment based upon the evidence currently available from the medical, physical, and social sciences"—thus leaving the opinion to read "like a set of hospital rules and regulations." The point emphasized is not for or against abortion, but against the substitution of "a judgmental balance of shifting evidence or values" in place of "a declaration of virtually absolute and enduring principle." And before deciding that the end justifies any means, Americans should, Cox urges, give serious consideration to how "a purely eclectic, result-oriented approach would affect the Court's standing and utility."

SECTION 1 of the Fourteenth Amendment directs that no State shall "deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." The challenge to the Court in applying the Due Process and Equal Protection clauses is, states Cox, "to articulate some general principle or principles by which to separate constitutional from unconstitutional differentiations." In Chapter Three of his book, while examining the moot case of *De Funis* v. *Odegaard*, Cox questions whether any such principle can clearly allow the Court to determine who should be admitted to a professional school.

The problem presently facing the Court is one which again the astute Tocqueville warned is endemic to democracy: equality is easily confused with liberty, and a society with an excessive attachment to leveling equality may unwittingly oppress individual freedom. Under a despotic monarch, Tocqueville pointed out, all subjects are servilely equal. In a democracy, however, all citizens may be freely unequal, with many people unable to attain practically what they are promised theoretically. Is the American commitment to a statistical equality which will deny real freedom to many? Or is it to a genuine freedom of opportunity which will be disturbingly unequal? This vexatious question demands an answer, but in seeking the wise solution a Biblical precedent seems pertinent: if Solomon's sword had split the harlot's son into equal halves, would the "landmark decision" have preserved liberty and justice for all?

Cox's contention is that a decision concerning preferential admissions is fundamentally political, not judicial. Where the constitutional principle is unclear, the people, not the courts, should debate and legislate a decision. By trying to interpret the best interest of society rather than the limits of the law, the courts, Cox fears, may only further promote political lethargy and jeopardize their own legitimacy. Given the weighty arguments on both sides of this issue, it would be presently more advisable, reasons Cox, for the Supreme Court "to permit the state educational authorities to form their several individual judgments concerning the balance of educational and social advantage than to deny them freedom to attempt conscious remedies for past racial discrimination by the dominant whites."

In analyzing the *De Funis* case, Cox incisively defines the problems and concerns which will likely be expressed in the Bakke hearing. When Mr. De Funis applied to the Law School of the University of Washington, it received 1,601 applications for 150 places; today, however, a highly desirable medical school will receive forty to fifty times as many applications as it has positions available. As an editorial in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* stated a year ago, "The competition to gain admission to medical school, already horrendous, is worsening." According to the Association of American Medical Colleges, there were more than 42,300 applicants for the 1975-76 class, 36.3 per cent of whom were accepted. Forty-four per cent of those admitted had "A" averages, and the best medical colleges might have selected, had they so desired, only students with perfect 4.0 grade indices.

Minority students accounted for only 14 per cent of the applicant pool, but 42.9 per cent of these students were accepted, a figure significantly above the national average. Furthermore, according to another study by the American Council on Education's Policy Analysis Service, recently publicized in *The Chronicle of Higher Education*, in the eight years between 1966 and 1974 "the number of students from minority groups interested in becoming physicians increased by 136.3 per cent, compared with a 14.2 per cent increase for whites." Both the increased aspiration for professional study and the increased acceptance into professional schools are largely attributable to special admission programs. Without them, as the University of California argued in defense of its policy, both schools and professions are likely to remain whiter than white.

The question remains, however, whether such programs are unconstitutionally discriminatory, and whether, as Cox candidly asks, we should require our schools to be instruments of putative social reform or to denigrate themselves "by pursuing any goal other than scholarly accomplishment." The answer to the ineluctably political question of what are the aims and objectives of our educational system must strongly affect the judicial decision as to the constitutionality of "special admissions."

Even intentionally benign racial discrimination is socially divisive. It helps propagate the condescending notion that minority students are intellectually inferior

Given the difficulty of objectively assessing the non-cognitive qualities essential to the good physician or lawyer, it is argued that schools should accept students with the highest grades, looking only for the greatest intellectual promise. In response it is said that the difficulty of evaluating ability is a poor excuse for not doing so; that our society is already so dazzled by academic credentials as to be blind to other

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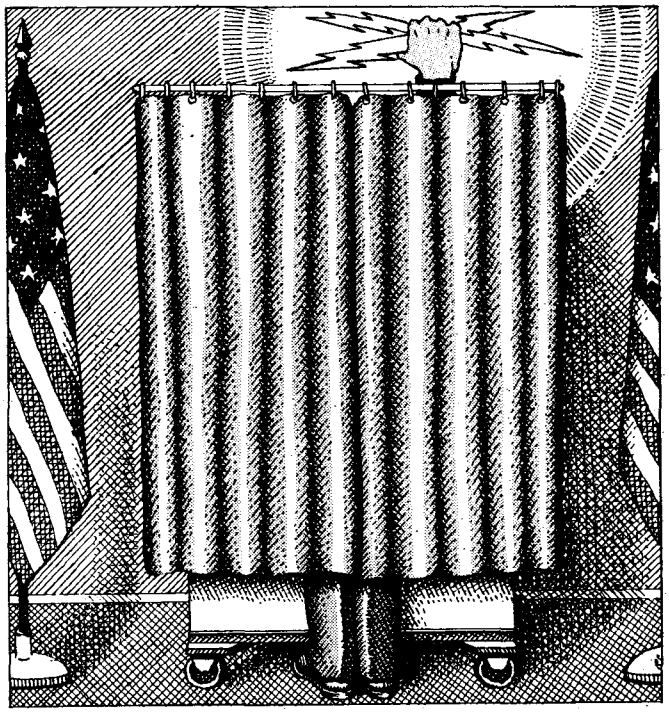
personal qualifications; and that schools must continue to appraise non-cognitive qualities which are obviously relevant to success. It is also arguable that standardized (LSAT and MCAT) admission tests for medical and law schools are biased against those outside the standard white culture, but Cox himself counters that this is a "somewhat disingenuous" argument unless alternative tests and scores are used to ascertain the competence of minority students.

The dispute over the validity of tests, however, distracts attention from the previous, more significant question of whether academic performance is the best indicator of professional competence. Assuming a student is fully capable of satisfactorily completing professional studies, should a university concern itself only with intellectual performance? Are the brightest always the best? And is the best interest of society always served by the highest academic achiever? A recently publicized 15-year study of Haverford College graduates by psychologist Douglas H. Heath suggests that character, values, and "empathetic skills" are as pertinent to personal maturity and professional competence as academic grades. "Adult maturity and competence," points out Professor Heath, "require a much fuller range of talents, values, interpersonal skills than what our rather narrow measures of academic excellence tap." It is easy to joke that one would prefer one's surgeon to be first in his class at Harvard, but the good doctor must be both an intelligent diagnostician and a humane healer.

Continuing to weigh the pros and cons of selecting only the brightest students, Cox goes on to quote a Harvard Committee on Admissions to the effect that a diversified student body enriches the educational experience for all students. On the other hand he acknowledges that intellectual performance "has enormous value in enhancing the quality of teaching and scholarship"—though he does not comment on whether such enhancement serves the students as well as it does the school's reputation.



Cox also clearly points out how much can be said for "official color-blindness." Even intentionally benign racial discrimination is socially divisive. It helps propagate the condescending notion that minority students are intellectually inferior. And, states Cox, it "breeds notions of group entitlement based upon numbers instead of individual merit."

What, then, are the full gains and costs of attempting to remedy past injustice with present affirmative action? "No one quite knows," admits Cox, but it is precisely for this reason that the Court should not cut the Gordian knot without due concern for what may unravel. "If leeway is to be allowed, the Court could" (and, Cox may well argue, should in the Bakke case) "formulate the conclusion in the language of the law by saying that only racial classifications *hostile* to a minority are subject to strict judicial scrutiny, and that others can pass if they are rationally related to a reasonable view of the public interest." The realization of social justice would remain a subject of public debate and public concern, and political action would not be preempted by a judiciary able to assure "equal" protection but unable to guarantee genuinely free opportunity.

AMERICAN COURTS, observed Tocqueville, possess neither the purse nor the sword to enforce their decisions. Their authority depends, as Cox points out, "upon the habit of voluntary compliance and, in the last resort, upon a people's realization that their freedom depends upon observance of the rule of law." Cox does not himself object to many of the social reforms accomplished by judicial activism in the past two decades; he would, he states, support nearly all of them, were they proposed in a legislative chamber or constitutional convention. But what does concern him is that in neglecting judicial restraint and boldly exercising its political influence the Court may ultimately "sacrifice the power of legitimacy that attaches to decisions within the traditional judicial sphere rendered on the basis of conventional legal criteria, and so may disable itself from performing the narrower but nonetheless vital constitutional role that all assign to it." The people, in other words, may lose faith in the disinterested quality of justice and grow to resent the policy-making role they themselves have urged upon the Court.

A final, even graver concern is again one Cox shares with Tocqueville, namely, that the individual citizens in a democracy may abdicate their public responsibility by allowing governmental institutions to make all political decisions for them. Few issues are fought out in public elections any more as the electorate's attention is focused on televised personalities. Thus, though he is an ardent and eloquent champion of both Court and country, Cox quietly warns in his closing chapter that "excessive reliance upon courts instead of self-government through democratic processes may deaden a people's sense of moral and political responsibility for their own future, especially in matters of liberty, and may stunt the growth of political capacity that results from the exercise of the ultimate power of decision."

It is as Tocqueville wrote in the equally optimistic yet guardedly apprehensive peroration to *Democracy in America*: "For democratic nations to be virtuous and prosperous, they require but to will it." □

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BEMUSED

Down among the Bureaucrats

NEAL B. FREEMAN

As a lifelong New Yorker, I was easily taken prisoner by the Washington stereotypes. I found them eminently believable, especially those involving the legendary Federal Bureaucrat. With no trouble at all, I envisioned legions of slothful bureaucrats bestirring themselves only to waste my hard-earned money or, on infrequent and unavoidable occasions, to frustrate the public will.

Now that I have moved to Washington and gotten to know many of these bureaucrats on a personal basis, however, I realize that I had underestimated the problem. These are not shiftless clockwatchers doodling on the notepad of life. Far from it. Their numbers are Asian, their efficiency Teutonic, and their objective nothing less than the fundamental reshaping of our society.

The objective of the bureaucracy is not, *pace* the conspiratorialists, ideological advance. Nor, more surprisingly, is it power. (The savvier bureaucrats escape even the appearance of power, for power carries with it the first deadly inferences of responsibility.) No, the objective of the garden-variety bureaucrats is, not to put too fine a point on it, *money*.

Who's Jane Frank?

Consider the speed with which the bureaucrat is achieving his objective. A local magazine, *National Journal*, recently ran a story about a group of two-income federal couples. The kicker in the story, from the local viewpoint, was that these bureaucratic marriages had achieved new status: taxpayer-supported incomes in excess of $100,000 per year. It was an upbeat story, sort of a hometown-kids-make-good story. To the bureaucratically untrained eye, however, the story yielded a different insight. Not a single one of the ten people identified was a top government official; indeed, I would bet that the average American has never heard of any one of them. (Quick. Who's Jane Frank? James Woolsey? Ed Norton?) But here we have a cluster of six-figure households—all of them engaged in the ritual sacrifice of public service—without a national leader in the bunch.

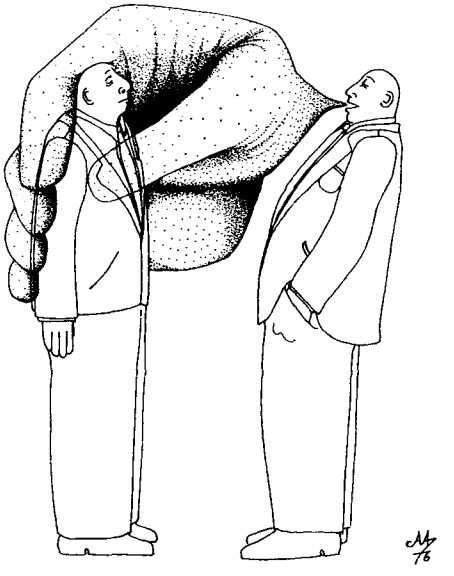
All right, exceptions to the rule, you say. Not really. The fact is that hundreds of bureaucratic families are in the $80,000 to $100,000 bracket, which is to say that they are among the top half of the top 1 per cent of all American families. And virtually all of them, to repeat the point, have reached this level with no record of leadership accomplishment.

Nobody Knows

Unfortunately, this is just the beginning of an unmistakeable pattern now in formation. A new across-the-board bureaucratic raise—currently pegged at 7.5 per cent—has just gone into effect, with promises of more to come as compensation for the "lean years" of Nixon freezes. Since the new raises have gone into effect 13,868 civil servants make $40,000 or more. And these are garden-variety bureaucrats. Their number does not include the 374 presidential appointees making $40,000-plus, nor the 535 Members of Congress, nor the 1,175 members of the military at that level, nor the not inconsiderable numbers in the Foreign Service, on congressional staffs, in the federal judiciary, Amtrak, Conrail or the Postal Service. All told, an extrapolation of the figures from the Paterson Commission report of late last year would peg the number of federal employees making $40,000 and up at slightly more than twenty thousand. (Incidentally, the public information offices of the Civil Service Commission, the White House, the Pentagon, and the Government Printing Office all agree on only one thing: that nobody has an exact figure on the number of federal bureaucrats in that category.)

The central problem, in terms of public policy, is not even this top layer but the inflated pay rates of the bureaucratic drones—the $25,000 to $40,000 bracket that would be earning half as much in the private sector. Even Jimmy Carter, the zero-basing budgeteer, is now adopting the rhetoric that federal pay rates must be "competitive" with those in private industry. Put aside for the moment the strategic reality that, if the bureaucracy has Jimmy Carter by a sensitive part of his anatomy, his heart and mind will follow; there is, I suggest, not a single argument—historical or operational—that can be adduced in support of the "competitive pay" proposition. The trumping argument, in point of fact, falls on the other side of the question. If perchance the government—by taxing the private sector (and/or by stealing from it, via inflation)—were to compete "successfully" for scarce management resources, then, perforce, the private economy would eventually "lose" the competition. We would thereupon embrace precisely the kind of society that Americans have rejected for 201 years.

A bureaucracy motivated by money will be a new and troubling phenomenon on the national scene. We may one day recall with warm feelings a bureaucracy filled with rabid ideologues, prickly turf-protectors, bumbling idealists, and sleepy folk looking for a place to lie down. □



Neal B. Freeman is president of Jefferson Communications.

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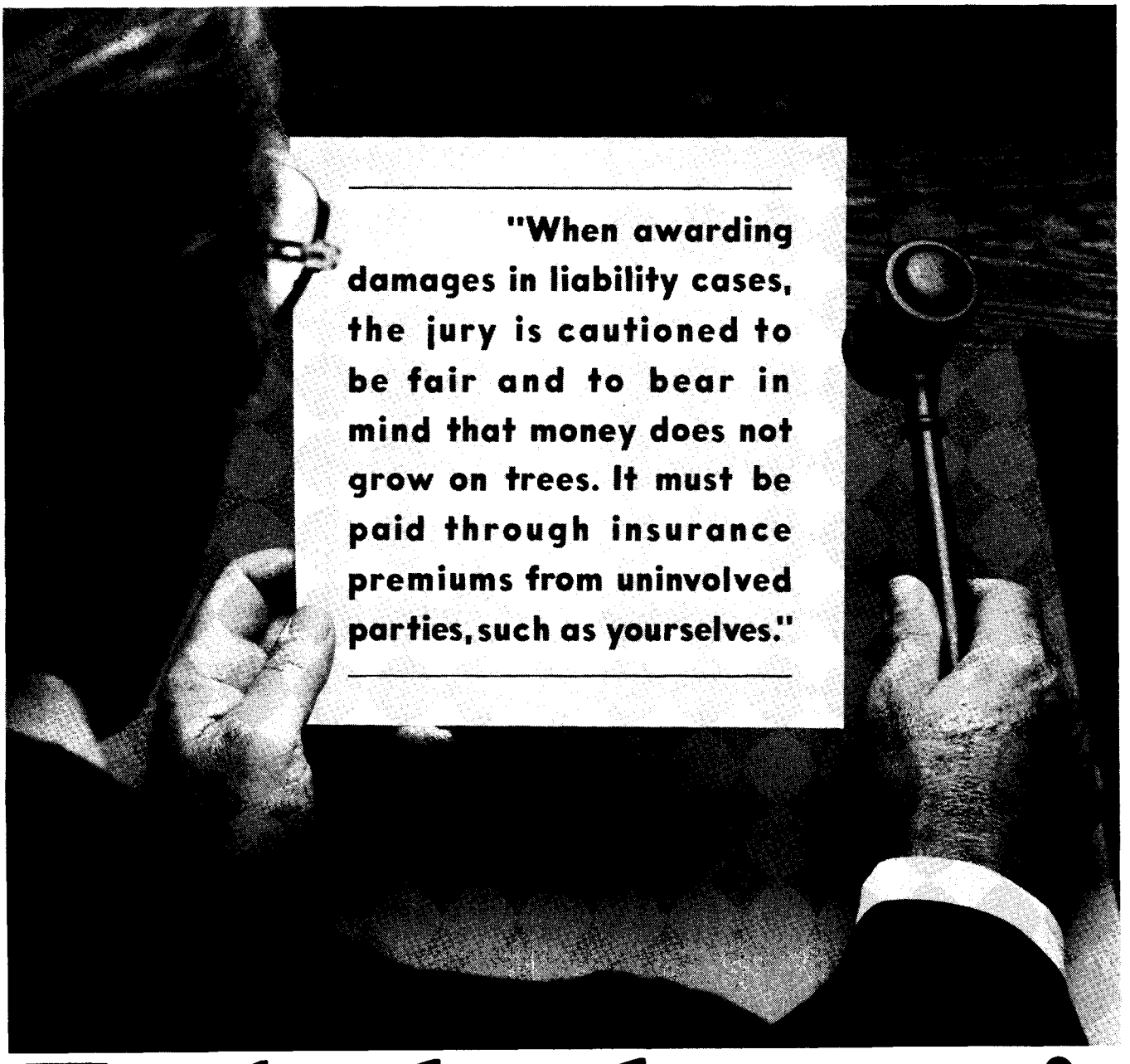
"When awarding damages in liability cases, the jury is cautioned to be fair and to bear in mind that money does not grow on trees. It must be paid through insurance premiums from uninvolved parties, such as yourselves."

Too bad judges can't read this to a jury.

In a small Florida town, a decorative boulder rests on the median of a road. A man with three drinks in him and no sleep for 18 hours smashes his car headlong into it. *A jury orders the town to pay him $4.7 million in damages.*[1]

A truck without brake lights is hit from behind. For

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"psychic damages" to the driver, because his pride was hurt when his wife had to work, *a jury awards $480,000 above and beyond his medical bills and wage losses.*

Then there's the one...but *you* can probably provide the next example. Most of us know hair-raising stories of windfall awards won in court.[2] Justified claims should be compensated, of course. Ætna's point is that it is time to look hard at what windfall awards are costing.[3]

What can we do? Several things:

We can stop assessing "liability" where there really *was* no fault—and express our sympathy for victims through other means.

We can ask juries to take into account a victim's *own* responsibility for his losses. And we can urge that awards realistically reflect the actual loss suffered—that they be a fair *compensation,* but not a reward.[4]

Insurers, lawyers, judges—each of us shares some blame for this mess. But it is you, the public, who can best begin to clean it up. Don't underestimate your own influence. Use it, as we are trying to use ours.

Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

[1] This case is being appealed by the town. In addition to the court-awarded damages, two other defendants (the contractor and the county) settled out of court for an additional $1.15 million. This illustrates how extravagant jury-awarded damages set a standard for extravagant *out-of-court* settlements—the real problem, since most liability cases *are* settled out of court.

[2] A by-product of such awards has been a quantum leap in the number of all kinds of suits filed. Products liability cases *alone* have increased from 50,000 a year in the 1960's to almost a million a year now.

[3] Most awards are paid by insurance, and insurance companies spend millions more defending policyholders against lawsuits. The direct result is rising premiums for automobile and other liability coverages. The *indirect* result is higher prices for goods and services—prices which are boosted to cover the skyrocketing insurance premiums of manufacturers, doctors, hospitals, and others who are targets for windfall awards.

[4] For example, it would help if juries were simply required to take into account payments the claimant has already received for medical bills and lost wages. Under the present system, these bills may be paid all over again.

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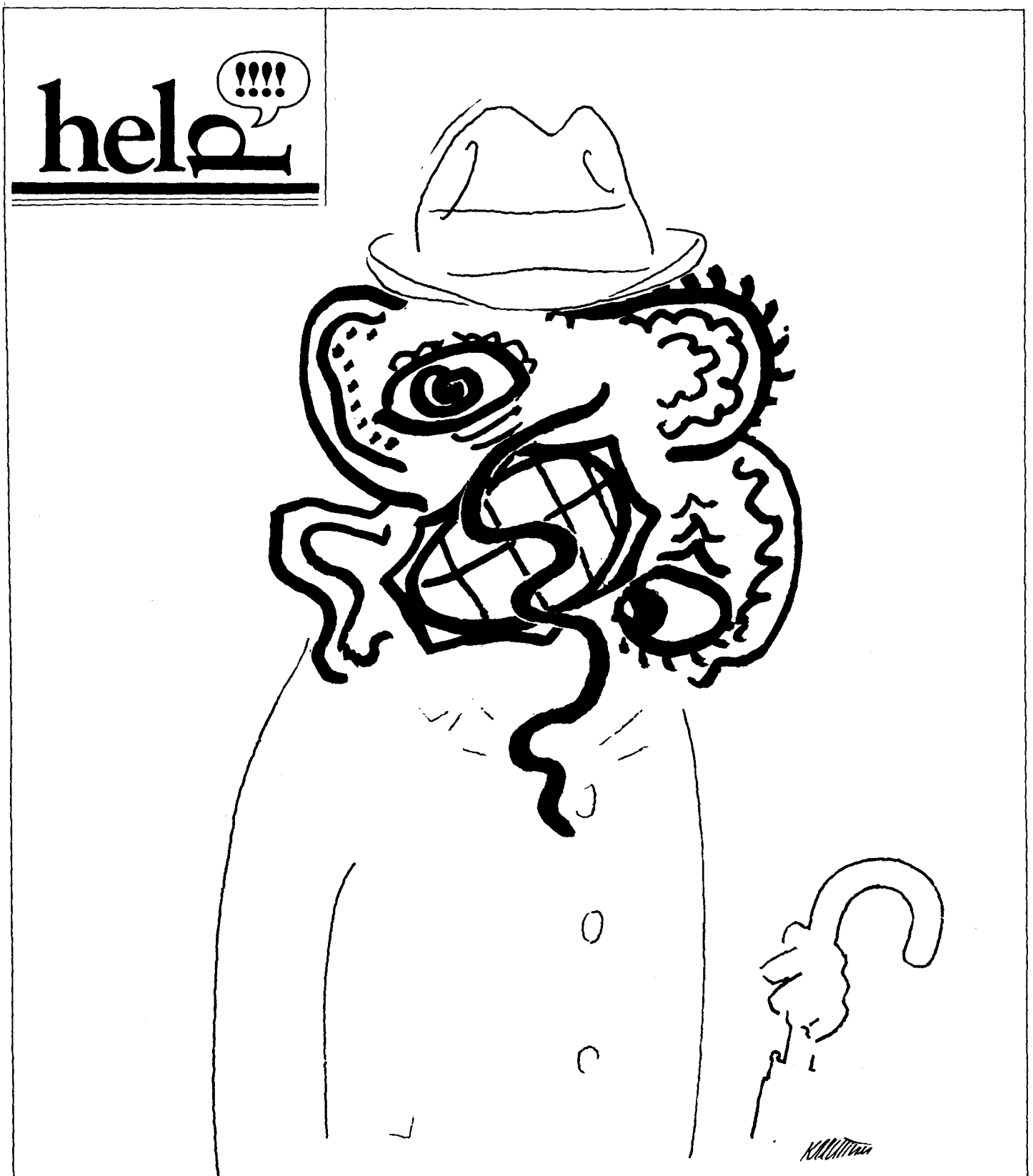

"You say you've sometimes had doubts about Picasso's Sincerity. Could you be a little more Specific?"

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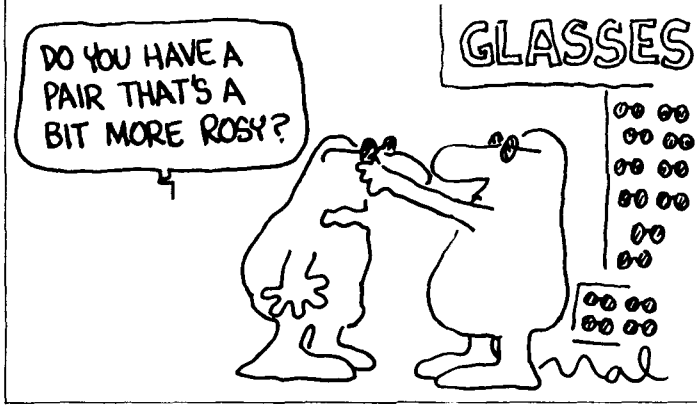
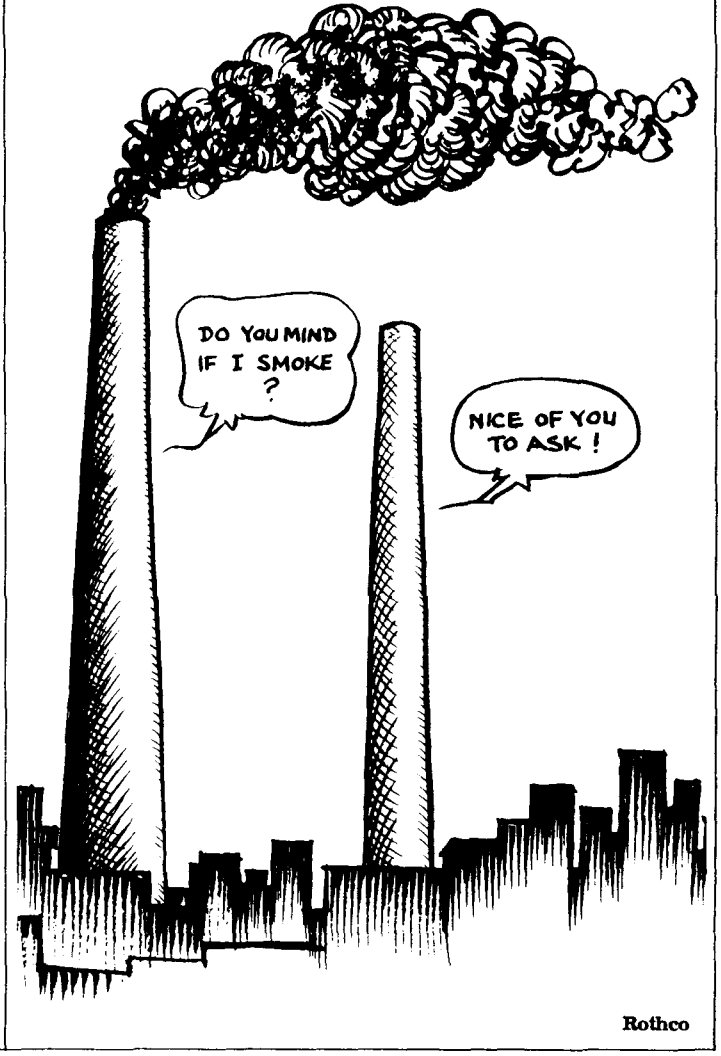
HARVARD
It seems like only yesterday that I was worried sick wondering why Johnny couldn't read...
I STILL CAN'T READ, BUT NOW I'M A MEMBER OF THE BRIGHTEST, BEST-EDUCATED GENERATION IN HISTORY!

"Never mind the power—tell me about your corruption."
© Punch





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GOODBYE GOP

Message to conservatives from a former Republican: abandon the elephant (it's dying, if not dead); avoid a third party (it's chances are worse than the elephant's); begin subverting the party of Jefferson and Johnson

Operation Trojan Donkey

DONALD LINDQUIST

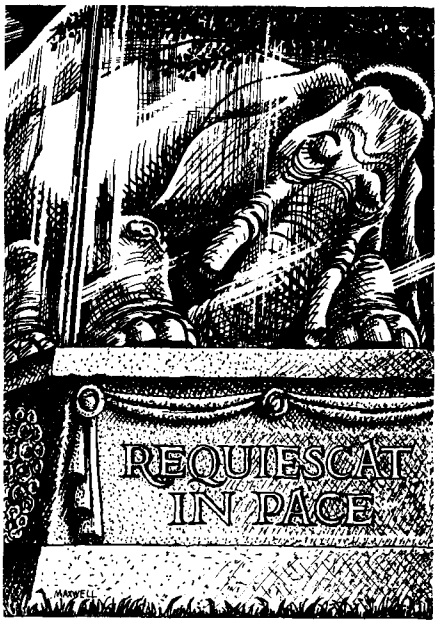
NOW IS THE TIME for all good conservatives to join the Democratic Party.

That piece of heresy is not meant to be whimsy, or a facetious attention-grabber. It is a sincere and ardent call for Americans of conservative persuasion to abandon once and for all the fatally stricken elephant they have been riding, lo, these many years. Come down off the beast, shoot it in the head, give it a decent burial, and forget it.

It is also a prescription whereby conservatives may be able at long last to gain control of Congress—and possibly other political institutions.

Abandon the Republican Party many conservatives are prepared to do. But join the Democrats? Clearly, there has to be some method in such madness. The method lies in mobilizing conservative voters to register as Democrats and nominate conservative candidates to run on the Democratic Party line in the general election.

Lest the method not seem powerful enough at first reading to overcome the madness, consider another madness conservatives have been tolerating. In the twentieth century, conservatives have looked to the Republican Party as a means to attain power and, thereby, to implement their policies. In the first part of the century—from 1900 to the



election of 1928—they were quite successful, winning the Presidency six times out of eight and Congress eleven times out of fifteen.

Since 1928, however, the conservative record has been so dismal that it is a wonder they are still out there battling at all. There has not been a conservative President elected since Hoover. (Some purists would challenge even his conservative credentials.) On the basis of their records, Eisenhower and Nixon might show up in certain respects as less liberal than their Democratic counterparts, but neither can be classed as a conservative in the tradition of Robert Taft and Barry Goldwater.

Only two Congresses have been organized by the Republicans since 1933 —Truman's famous "Do Nothing" Congress in 1947-49, and Eisenhower's first Congress, the 83rd. Apart from these successes, Republicans—and conservatives—have been blanked.

The only consolation in the earlier years—the Thirties, Forties, and Fifties —was the knowledge that virtually every Southern Democrat elected to Congress was conservative and that, on some issues, they joined with Republicans. That grand coalition is dead because today's Southern Democrats are not quite so conservative and because, even if they were, there are no longer enough conservative Republicans in the House with whom to form a majority.

There is, too, the prospect of election day registration. If that Republican nightmare does not materialize in the 95th Congress, as it may well not, it will return to haunt the GOP in every Congress to come. Its patent advantage to incumbent Democrats is too delicious to ignore.

Frustrated, today's conservatives are groping for an answer. William Rusher, Richard Viguerie, and others want to start a new party. The Republican National Committee under Chairman Bill Brock is offering courses to the few remaining GOP faithful on how to win elections. (That is akin to Richard Nixon's offering moral advice to the American public—it would be laughable were it not so pathetic.) And in its biennial fit of I-told-you-soism, the Republican Left is making all the usual noises about broadening the party's base, appealing to blacks, blues, and browns—black Americans, blue collar workers, and the new young, social liberals whose ideological hero is California Governor Jerry Brown.

Any one of these efforts—and others —might bring political salvation for

Mr. Lindquist is a novelist whose next book, Berlin Tunnel 21, *due in April, concerns an escape from East Berlin. He worked as a precinct captain on Manhattan's upper West Side in the Goldwater campaign. Since then he has been an active but increasingly discouraged Republican.*

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conservatives, but the odds against them are enormous. The chances of a third party replacing the Republican are slim. Too many people have a vested interest in the Party. They will not readily give up the vehicle which delivers to them the privileges and perquisites of political power in their particular districts. They will fight the "Conservative Party" or the "New Republican Party" hammer and tongs.* The result will be that as John Deardourff has been quoted recently as saying, "We are coming closer to a condition in which the most likely prospect for the Republican Party is drifting along as a very weak, largely impotent party, existing only because it is so difficult for a party to die." And because so many state election laws are geared to favor the two-party system, the Republican Party must die before a new party can be born.

Broadening the Party's appeal to bring more votes into its shrunken tent requires moving the center tent pole ten paces to the left. Or twenty. Or thirty, depending on how badly and how big you want to win. The Republican Party's position can be moved much farther to the left. To the left of the Democrats, for that matter. But where does that leave conservatives? Scuttling out from under the tent flaps like crabs fleeing a crabber. A winning liberal Republican Party would be as useless to conservatives as a losing conservative Republican Party has been.

The Primary Ploy

The chief difference between the Republican Party and the Democrats, besides ideology, has been the Democrats' ability to win elections. Many more people believe the Democrats have their best interests at heart than believe the Republicans do. As Bill Brock has said, "As far as most voters are concerned the Republican Party . . . stands for very little indeed. People think we ignore, do not relate and are irrelevant to the average American." The party of Jefferson, Jackson, and Johnson has done a splendid job of propagandizing the American electorate. The result is a hard core who will vote for just about any Democrat over any Republican—or a candidate from any other party. That fact—the presence of large numbers of kneejerk Democrats—and a second fact—not many people turn out for primaries—provide the makings of a Trojan Donkey through which conservatives could infiltrate the Democratic Party and take control of Congress. The way to accomplish that—what, dream?—is to nominate conservative candidates in the Democratic primaries, candidates who will go on to win in the general election.

Consider, for instance, this analysis of the members of the House of Representatives of the 94th Congress who received a 75 per cent or better ADA rating in 1976:

1. All 101 were Democrats. (And all but eight are in the House today. Two of the eight are not there because they are cabinet officers—Andrew Young and Bob Bergland. One, Paul Sarbanes of Maryland, is a senator. Another, Bella Abzug, gave up her seat to run in the New York Democratic Senatorial Primary in 1976.
2. Half—52—were unopposed in the primary. One was nominated by convention.
3. In the 46 primary elections in which the winner faced a challenger in the general election (two did not), the average voter turnout in the primary was 39 per cent of that in the general election.
4. On the average, the primary winner's vote was 22 per cent of the vote cast in the general election.
5. Sixteen of the 46 received 20,000 votes or less in the primary.

These statistics suggest that there are excellent opportunities for a well-organized, well-financed challenger in a number of congressional district primaries. Those opportunities can be seized in the following way:

Target the districts of very liberal congressmen in which the primary turnout has been low. For example, Representative Helen Meyner (ADA:85) in New Jersey's 13th CD was nominated by only 8,000 votes in 1974—5 per cent of the 150,000 votes cast in the general election.

Representative Michael Blouin (ADA:90) in Iowa's 2nd CD received 13,000 votes, which was only 9 per cent of the 144,000 votes cast in the general election.

Representative Shirley Chisholm (ADA:80), 12th CD of New York was nominated by 8,000 voters; Frederick Richmond (ADA:95), 14th CD, N.Y., by 10,000 voters; Martha Keys (ADA: 75), 2nd CD, Kan., by 13,000 voters; Herbert Harris (ADA:80), 8th CD, Va., by 8,000 voters.

The point is that many of the ultraliberal members of Congress were nominated by a small fraction of the electorate. An equally small fraction could have denied them office.

Sitting Ducks

Perhaps even more vulnerable are those ultraliberals who ran unopposed. They take in some of the most powerful and best-known figures in Washington, and some who have been there for a good many years. They include (the number in parentheses is the number of terms elected to Congress): James Corman (9), John Moss (13), Ronald Dellums (4), and Don Edwards (8) of California; Donald Fraser (8) of Minnesota; Otis Pike (9), Benjamin Rosenthal (9), Edward Koch (5), Charles Rangel (4), and Jonathan Bingham (7) of New York; Les Aspin (4), Robert Kastenmeier (10), and Henry Reuss (12) of Wisconsin; Robert Drinan (4) of Massachusetts; Sidney Yates (14) of Illinois; Barbara Jordan (3) of Texas; and many lesser lights. (All those mentioned above, with the exception of Dellums, Pike, Aspin, and Jordan, also happen to be certified big spenders, having been listed in the recent *NR* survey of the biggest spenders in the House ["President Carter and the Honeymooners," April 15].)

They can be considered vulnerable for two reasons; one, they may suffer from complacency. The notion that fame and power and/or longevity render them immune to defeat—a kind of political hubris—has been the undoing of countless politicians, many of them conservative Republicans; two, the electorate may consider them unbeatable. This is even more of a factor in the Trojan Donkey strategy than

*Should the conservatives who want to form a new party go ahead despite the eloquence of my argument, I heartily recommend they call their new party the More Democratic Party which, if nothing else, would leave at least a few Democrats spluttering—no mean accomplishment in itself.

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candidate complacency. Once they realize they are threatened, incumbents can mobilize their forces rather quickly. Voters, however, who have seen their congressman win time after time or who recognize that his name has become a household word, not only in their own district but throughout the state or even the nation, may well be skeptical of alarms sounded around primary day calling the faithful to vote. After all, get-out-the-vote campaigns are too commonplace these days to be taken seriously by anyone, save fanatically loyal and ambitious party workers.

Some other factors also make the effort attractive. One is communications. The vast majority of conservative Republicans are to be found in the middle and upper middle classes, where a high income level obtains. These voters would be receptive to communications about a notion like Operation Trojan Donkey. A highly motivated, well-organized cadre of operatives could reach them easily, and the message would be understood. In states where cross-over voting in the primaries is permitted, the job would be easier than in states where it is not. In single-ticket states, a change of registration would be necessary.

The Big Eight

But the task is not overwhelming. Keep those low primary vote figures in mind. And remember that the reverse side of the coin is in the conservatives' favor. Most kneejerk Democrats are to be found among those whose political awareness is less keen. They will not know what is going on until it is all over—if even then. Indeed, they will vote for the Democratic ticket, including the conservative House candidate, no matter who he is, in the general election in November.

Another factor favoring the Trojan Donkey concept is the concentration of ultraliberal incumbents in a few states. Of the 101 House members awarded a score of 75 or better by the ADA, 67 —two-thirds—were from eight states: California and New York, 19 each; Massachusetts seven; Wisconsin and New Jersey, five each; and Michigan, Minnesota and Iowa, four each. This concentration in a few states permits a concentration of talent and money where it will best pay off.

In primary battles between conservative and liberal activists, the side that can get out the vote on primary day will win out. With a complacent or indifferent Democratic electorate, with the novelty in many districts of a serious challenge, and with the realization that a conservative can actually be elected to Congress, the advantage has got to be with the conservatives.

Stylishly Fuzzy

A modicum of prudence would be called for. It would be unwise for the candidate to give undue exposure to his or her conservative proclivities. Why alienate the unsuspecting Democrats who might vote for a new face for any number of reasons? The conservative candidates should be as ingratiating to the media as possible—and as reasonably liberal as they dare when discussing issues with the press. Politicians, after all, are expected to be ambivalent, ambiguous, fuzzy on the issue, and today it's even In to be candidly undecided. The point is, the candidate must avoid at all costs alienating the liberal vote and the liberal media. They must be encouraged to view the candidate as "refreshing," "a new face," "exciting," "not easily pigeonholed," "an enigma."

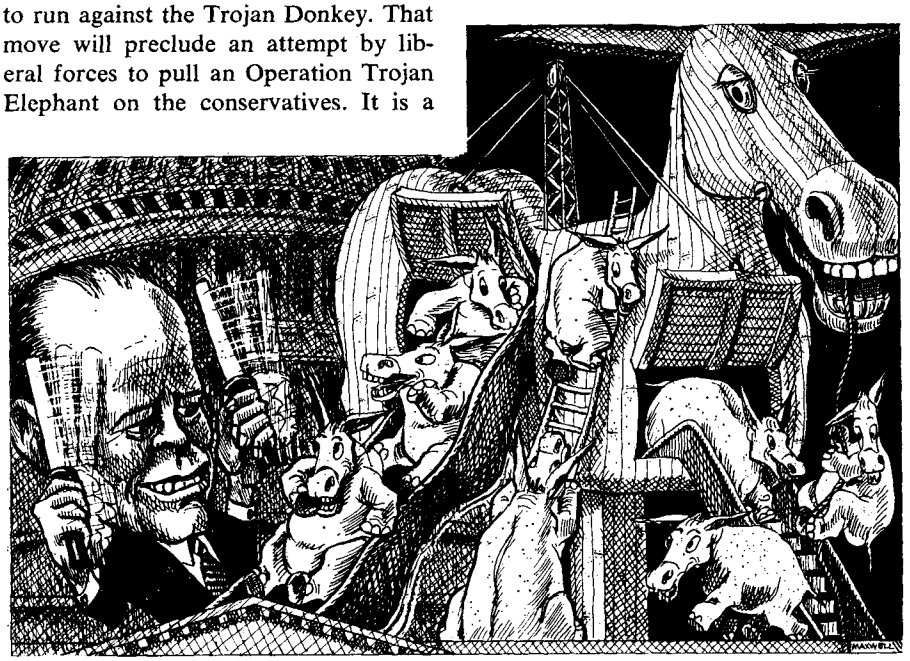
Finally, it would make good sense to nominate a conservative Republican to run against the Trojan Donkey. That move will preclude an attempt by liberal forces to pull an Operation Trojan Elephant on the conservatives. It is a danger that must be recognized, even though the chances of its succeeding are slim, and it brings us back to the beginning of this essay—the low electability of Republicans. The Republican candidate must recognize that he or she is a sacrificial lamb, offered up for the good of the cause and promised an appropriate reward for his or her sacrifice.

The rewards of victory can be breathtaking. The total number of Democratic House members in the 94th Congress who were rated over 50 by the ADA was 177. Included are the 101 Democrats with ratings of 75 or higher. If half of those could be put to more productive work, the liberal contingent in the House would be reduced by 28 per cent. The average LQ—Liberal Quotient—of the 435 House members in 1976 was 42. By defeating the fifty most liberal Democrats—about 12 per cent of the total House membership—the average Liberal Quotient would have been reduced to 31—a 25 per cent improvement.

The ramifications of significant liberal Democratic defeats would be so pervasive and so widespread it is impossible to exaggerate them.

The prospects in the Senate have not been discussed. That is a different, perhaps more difficult, situation. An analysis should be made to determine the prospects of ousting from that chamber a few barnacled front benchers.

Will Operation Trojan Donkey work? Trying it is the only way to find out. □



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OPEN QUESTION

A Hostage to the Devil

D. KEITH MANO

In his "Out of This World" column [Sept. 2] Malachi Martin wrote re human love that

> Only experience teaches men and women that they cannot indiscriminately watch or think of or describe or read about "sex" acts and still maintain that specific integrity which their personal commitment to love demands.

I won't agree. The human soul is more resilient than that. By Martin's standard any priest in any suburban confessional would be depraved beyond hope after, oh, one week. Well then, perhaps "indiscriminately" is the crucial word. Perhaps Martin meant that some measurable criterion pertains—like, say, one cocktail before dinner—by which you or I might tell a social porn reader from a raving pornaholic. There are five, maybe six quite explicit "sex" acts in my fiction. As film reviewer for *Oui*, I trudge through a lot of X footage. Somehow, though, I don't feel impaired; my "personal commitment to love" hangs on. Hell, I'll admit more than that: I've even read *Hostage to the Devil*. This book, an alleged true account of several exorcisms, has in it foul language and foul description that rank right up there with your most impudent 42nd-Street raunch. The thing is obsessive; its sexual energy would give Al Goldstein a scare. Yet I survived the reading. And Malachi Martin must have, too.

Malachi Martin wrote *Hostage*. Discriminately, I'm sure.

The First Amendment will hold. I treasure Malachi Martin's right to express himself. In his column, in *Hostage*. But which is the real Malachi Martin? Which is the eerie *doppelgänger*? Martin, I suppose, would defend *Hostage* as a kind of Catholic gonzo journalism. These are factual accounts, you know: transcripts (plus steamy narrative) that evidence the lewd, loveless working of Satan. It isn't a valid argument, though. One might have expected a little self-censoring from the man who wrote,

> . . . 67 per cent of Americans in a 1976 Yankelovich poll [agreed] that "the government should crack down more on pornography in movies, books, and nightclubs." We have had enough experience of court-revised ideals to see the other side of the coin of legalized permissiveness: the forced purging of our ideals from the laws that mark out the public ground-rules of our lives.

A passionate statement. But, to preserve moral and intellectual credibility, Martin might have cracked down on *Hostage*. Or admitted to authorship in his column. More so, because *Hostage* is not, from its cover, recognizably pornographic. It will bushwhack innocent readers: an exhibitionist in some sudden, dim doorway. There is strange selectiveness going on here. One might even call it elitism.

Enough. You understand my point (and, yes, my dismay). I'll leave final arbitration where it must lie: in Martin's bicameral psyche. But let's take a look at his column "On Human Love."

> In order to reproduce between them God's oneness in being and beauty, a man and a woman must fulfill a simple but profound condition. They must truly love.

A lyrical sentiment. Question, though: how can we identify—I mean those of us who aren't trained theologians like Martin—how can we identify this winsome, gauze creature, True Love?

> When we achieve that mystery, there is always the sense that it is "permitted."

Okay. But take Bill and Joan. Bill and Joan are twenty and (by their honest, middle-class lights) quite in True Love. They wed: it certainly feels "permitted." A decade later Bill and Joan are no longer in love, True or otherwise. Martin would say, I guess, that they hadn't Truly Loved from square one. Maybe so, but back to Realiesville. Bill and Joan carry on: they have children to protect. Does Martin honor that hard, decent choice? Not much.

> Many a loveless marriage abounding in children testifies to duty done but love unachieved.

That brand of romantic idealism may be appropriate for angel/pinhead theology. When you handle problems merely terrestrial, however, it's not just unhelpful, it's dangerous. And snobbish. His analysis, by inference, does not support the sacrament of marriage.

> In the Christian view, human love is an ideal. It is not a fixed condition to which we can attain once and for all; we must continue to strive for it.

But strive where? Duty to wife and children is second best, Martin has averred that. Reading him, Bill and Joan might reasonably opt for divorce. True Love, they know, "cannot be faked, even by tremendous desire on both sides." Yet they want True Love: indeed it's their sacred commission to find it. Somewhere. "Within the reality of their love, they recreate God's being and God's will, His full possession of that being." Let them try with new partners then.

But Martin can't be saying that. He is, ostensibly, a traditional Christian. He won't recommend divorce or illicit liaisons, just married (first, second, third, fourth time married) love. And what does he know about the subject? Two things: a)

> Married love is far more difficult to achieve than the fulfillment of physical desire.

That powerful insight plus a subway token will get you to St. Patrick's Cathedral. And b)

> In the Christian tradition, married love is unique, as being an experience of God which is accessible *only* to those who, still mortal, do not yet possess God fully. Jesus, being God, did not need such experience [Italics *not* mine].

Read that again. Hang it on your shaving mirror for a month: it still won't parse. Far as I can judge Martin means that dead men can't have married love and Jesus didn't need it. Instructive. This is not someone I'd hire to be the exegete for my private life. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

"If we can't crack Grunwick, we can't crack anything." The Seventies version of the Battle of Britain is taking place outside a small film-processing plant in London, where the rule of law is pitted against mob rule

Britain's Ascot of the Left

ROBERT MOSS

"THE ASCOT OF THE LEFT" is how someone described the extraordinary scenes outside Grunwick, a small film-processing company in a rundown part of North London. Just about everyone who is *anyone* in the world of big unions or radical chic has turned up on the picket lines, eager to catch the eye of the television cameras, rather like those ladies in fantastic hats who flock to the Royal Enclosure. The Liverpool Trades Council chartered a train to take their people south to the mass picket on August 18; the radical women's libbers were there too; and Trotskyists and Communists made the occasion a test of their relative revolutionary machismo.

Arthur Scargill, the Marxist miners' boss from Yorkshire, led his men south to face the police around Grunwick on successive "days of mass action" like some commissar of the International Brigade heading off to the Spanish Civil War. The image was somewhat tarnished by the discovery that these horny-handed heroes of the revolution were being paid £20 ($34.40) a day plus travel expenses out of union funds —and by the bizarre attempt of Scargill's Communist side-kick, Maurice Jones, to seek political asylum in East Berlin after being charged with insulting behavior.

How strange that it should be here, in the narrow back streets of Willesden, that a confrontation is taking place that will either confirm or explode the widespread belief that union power is invincible in Britain, no matter how it is exercised. The basic facts are these. Grunwick is run by a remarkable man called George Ward, an Anglo-Indian immigrant who was born in New Delhi in 1933. After working as an accountant in Brazil for three years, he set up Grunwick in 1965 and has since turned a small firm, specializing in developing people's holiday snaps, into a highly successful enterprise described in Britain's leading consumer magazine, *Which*, as one of the most efficient in the country.

His workers are mostly Asian girls—which inevitably produced absurd charges that Ward is a racist. (As he says, "you have only to look at the color of my skin.") They are paid the going rate for the job—which is not much, but more than in some comparable firms. Ward is no admirer of trade unions, and Grunwick has been run on a fairly paternalistic basis.

THE UNIONS represent Ward as a Dickensian employer who exploits helpless Asian girls under sweatshop conditions and sacks them if they try to join a union. But Ward has never fired anyone simply for joining a union and insists that what has got him into trouble is that he will not allow his employees to be coerced into joining a union to which they do not desire to belong. His answer to the sweatshop allegations is to show people around his factory; if Grunwick is a sweatshop, it is the only one I have ever seen with air-conditioning and piped music.

The battle began a year ago, with a trivial incident, when two of Grunwick's employees were sacked on disciplinary grounds. In the last week of August 1976, a total of 137 workers—many of them part-time students—came out on strike, out of a total workforce of 470. There were ugly scenes outside the Grunwick plant in Chapter Road, and windows were smashed. George Ward decided to sack everybody who had joined the strike. He says that he only wanted to sack the ringleaders, but Britain's Kafkaesque laws on industrial relations meant that if he took back some of the workers who had walked out, the rest could have sued him for unfair dismissal. In the event, sixty of the people who were fired appealed to an industrial tribunal, which found that Ward had acted within his rights.

But powerful outside forces had already tried to intervene. A supposedly "moderate" white-collar workers' union, Apex, was approached by the strike organizers. It gave the strikers retroactive membership and declared that this was now an "official" dispute. Local left-wing activists moved in to take control of the strike committee. Looming large among them was a burly, bearded young man in a black leather jacket called Jack Dromey, who soon acquired the affectionate nickname of "Jackboot" from the Grunwick workers. Dromey, an admirer of the Marxist dictatorship in Angola, has had a brief but crowded political career that included a year as chairman of the National Council for Civil Liberties and a record of involvement in violent industrial disruptions. With the backing of the two local Labor MPs—both of whom stand on the extreme left of the party and have participated in Communist-front organizations—Dromey

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became a pivotal figure in the conflict.

Thus reinforced, the strike committee sat down to consider how union power could be mobilized to squeeze the company into surrendering. Its specific demands were that the sacked workers should be reinstated and that Grunwick should recognize the Apex union.

But Ward also found friends, in his local Conservative MP, John Gorst, and in the National Association for Freedom (NAFF), of which I am an honorary director. NAFF first became involved last November, when Trotskyist militants in the local postal sorting office at Cricklewood (a name which, according to TASS, is now in every British worker's heart) started blocking Grunwick's mail. Under the 1953 Post Office Act, interference with the Royal Mail is illegal, so NAFF applied to the High Court for an injunction to compel the Post Office to handle Grunwick's mail. The blocking was called off before the case was heard. The Union of Post Office Workers (UPW) gave a subsequent pledge that the boycott would not be repeated.

APEX HAD meanwhile approached the official arbitration service (Acas), a body that was created by the Labor Government for the explicit purpose of extending the process of collective bargaining—in other words, unionization. George Ward decided not to cooperate with Acas when he learned that it planned to poll the workers who had been sacked. This led to a prolonged legal wrangle. Unsurprisingly, most of the strikers declared that they would like Apex to be recognized. George Ward commissioned his own opinion poll, which was conducted by an outfit that does work for the Labor Party. Of the 262 Grunwick employees interviewed, just two wanted Apex to be recognized, and only 22 favored the principle of union recognition. When the arbitration service handed in its recommendation that Grunwick should recognize Apex in March of 1977—basing itself exclusively on the views of the strikers and ignoring the wishes of the company's current employees—Ward appealed to the courts.

The conflict should now have been left to be resolved in court. But the strike organizers were impatient, and some of the big union leaders apparently felt that it was up to them to show that the outcome of such disputes depended on industrial muscle and not the "bosses' courts." Backed by leading Labor MPs, the Trades Union Congress (TUC) gave the Grunwick strike its formal backing and debated the prospects of organizing a boycott of all the company's essential services, including water and electricity. This proved to be a colossal tactical blunder. But Labor moderates were equally rash; in May, three government ministers sponsored by Apex—Shirley Williams, Dennis Howell, and Fred Mulley, the sleepy Defense Secretary who drops off even under the roar of jet engines—joined the picket line.

Encouraged by this high-level support, the strike committee stepped up the pressure by calling for the first mass picket outside Grunwick on June 13. The leader of the postal union, Tom Jackson, pronounced that "if we can't crack Grunwick we can't crack anything." In the following weeks, television viewers were treated to the nightly spectacle of Trotskyist thugs assaulting the police, and hurling bottles and abuse at a busload of Asian girls who turned up, day after day, to brave the mob. Grunwick's blue, double-decker omnibus continued to get through, even on the "day of national protest" on July 11, when 15,000 pickets turned out. The loyalty of the Grunwick workers—many of whom had been harassed in their homes, or physically attacked after work—made a deep impression on British public opinion. What made a still deeper impression was a widely publicized photograph of a policeman lying in his own blood.

Leading Tories, initially inhibited by the "softly, softly" approach of Jim Prior, the party's spokesman on the unions, began to express their outrage. Sir Keith Joseph exploded: "Those faces contorted with hatred, those foul mouths, those ever-ready fists and discordant voices baying for blood like hounds make a mockery of the socialist claim to be working for human brotherhood. . . . The battle of Grunwick sorts out the democrats on one hand from the red fascists on the other."

Leftist civil rights groups were ready to counter with stock complaints about police brutality and sinister reactionaries backing Grunwick. But the TUC leaders were beginning to discover, to their acute embarrassment, that the mass picketing had exposed the unacceptable face of British trade unionism and was losing them rank-and-file support. A group of unionized janitors in a block of flats across the road from Margaret Thatcher's London house slipped a note under her door. "Dear Mrs. Thatcher," it read, "what you should do when you are elected is to give George Ward a knighthood and send boxes of champagne to the police."

Worst of all for the men behind the strike, the mass picket not only outraged the public; it failed to intimidate the company. Far more effective, as it turned out, was the action of the Cricklewood postmen, who initiated another illegal boycott of Grunwick's mail. Since 84 per cent of the company's business is by mail order, the postal blocking posed a direct threat to its survival. But once again NAFF found a way out.

After repeated appeals had failed either to end the boycott or to persuade the government to suspend the Post Office's statutory monopoly so that private firms could handle the Grunwick mail, NAFF decided to take direct action to free the mail. The operation was jokingly code-named "Pony Express." At 1 A. M. on Saturday, July 9, 25 NAFF volunteers, including myself, in a little convoy including a container lorry, drove through the Grunwick gates. With the help of George Ward and John Gorst, the MP, NAFF cleared 1,000 sacks of mail (containing about 100,000 packets of processed film)

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within an hour. The contents of the sacks represented some £250,000 ($430,000) in turnover. The convoy set off for a secret depot sixty miles from London.

Over the weekend, another team of NAFF volunteers laboriously stamped all the letters by hand. Then NAFF drivers set off in all directions, heading as far north as Manchester and Preston and as far south as Truro and Plymouth, stuffing the mail into post boxes up and down the country. The boycott had been defeated—by perfectly legal and peaceful means. It remained to be seen whether the postal union would try to organize nationwide blocking of the Grunwick mail when the news of "Operation Pony Express" leaked out. It did not, although some local sorting offices held up some of the Grunwick mail for a couple of days. Most surprising was the fact that "Pony Express" remained secret until the following Tuesday—enough time for a lot of the mail to skip through undetected.

One Tory enthusiast exclaimed, when the news was out, that "Pony Express was the best thing since Entebbe." It was certainly a shot in the arm for the beleaguered management and staff at Grunwick, and it left the strike organizers in a tactical dilemma. The position adopted by the Cricklewood postmen was no longer a threat to Grunwick but was disrupting the business of many other companies throughout the NW2 postal area that they serviced. After local businessmen formed an action committee and threatened legal procedings, the Cricklewood sorters decided to work normally.

The strikers suffered another major setback when the Appeal Court ruled on July 29 that the recommendation of the arbitration service that Grunwick should recognize Apex was void—on the ground that the views of Grunwick workers had not been taken into account. (Acas decided to appeal to the House of Lords, so the story is not over yet.) The union hoped that the findings of the special court of inquiry set up under Lord Scarman might offer some moral support, not least because his three-man tribunal (which includes the personnel manager of a nationalized industry and a left-wing union leader) did not include any representative of the private sector. But its findings, unlike those of the Appeal Court or the House of Lords, are not binding. It has in any case been clear throughout that Ward cannot be *legally* compelled either to recognize Apex or to reinstate the sacked men.

But the Left has invested too much passion and ideology in the Grunwick dispute to give up just yet. Its flagging morale is buoyed up by donations from charities like War on Want and church groups. The social responsibility committee of the Redbridge Council of Churches recently decided to back the pickets. Union leaders for their part, are aware that if a small company, can hold out against the sledgehammer pressures they have sought to apply, they could start to look like paper tigers. The ranting from the Marxist press and the strike committee becomes more and more violent. Jackboot Dromey told the Communist *Morning Star* that "we have no faith in this dispute being won through the legal procedure. It is the trade union movement, not the judges, who will compel recognition and reinstatement." The Trotskyist *Socialist Worker* goes one stage further: "The events at Grunwick prove that there is no parliamentary road to socialism."

For the man in the pub, the whole episode has been a kind of epiphany, a showing-forth. Regardless of the details of the dispute, it has presented a stark confrontation between the rule of law and mob rule and has demonstrated that "moderates" in the present Labor Government are not prepared to apply the law to powerful trade unions that supply the bulk of the party funds. Above all, victory for Grunwick could serve to shatter the "inevitability complex" of the many people in Britain who had come to accept that the steady extension of union power was irreversible. If there is a real chance of showing at Grunwick that the big unions need *not* forever enjoy a degree of social power and legal privilege that is denied to the rest of the community, it is due in no small part to the sheer guts of a small employer who has come from outside the British establishment and, perhaps for that reason, does not share in its defeatist psychology. □

Marshall McLuhan and the Sphinx

MARSHALL MCLUHAN: You may be inscrutable to others, Sphinx,
But not to a man who thinks
Media for a living, as I do.
In simplest terms you are an information overload in a retribalized rear-view
Mirror.
THE SPHINX: We're a
What?
Come again with that hot
Jazz?
MCLUHAN: As
I was about to say, Old Battered Face,
The Electronic Age has imploded homogeneous space
With instant retrieval technology.
In the new cybernology,
You are as porous as a program guide to Disneyland.
SPHINX: You mean you understand
The Riddle of the Sphinx?
Why, my proud and quizzing heart sinks
At the very thought.
MCLUHAN: Once phonetic culture taught
Tribal man how to break the trance of compressional intensity,
You were through, Sphinx, because of your propensity
For non-lineal logic:
You had become infra-mystagogic.
SPHINX: Before I go, could I make one query?
MCLUHAN: Having to do with communication theory?
SPHINX: Having to do with work.
Say, I really dig your murk—
Could I stick around awhile to
Play second riddle to you?

JOHANNES EFF

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Retire Now, Pay Later

DEPENDING ON the estimates that you accept, the long-term deficit of the Social Security system is somewhere between $2 trillion and $7 trillion.

Even in an age of staggering government debt this seems excessive, and, though the problem has been slow in penetrating the official consciousness, it has at last produced some muted feelings of alarm. The Carter Administration and various congressmen and their staffs have therefore been working hard these days to come up with a method of putting the accounts in balance, both in the immediate future and over the long haul.

It won't be easy. The problem isn't only the size of the imbalance, but the political dynamics which brought it into being. Federal office-holders have long since grasped the electoral wisdom of raising benefits while omitting to raise taxes, which is how we drifted into the present quagmire. Getting back to solid ground will require the mechanism to go into reverse: curtailing benefit levels somehow, and raising taxes to pay the bills. Most congressmen would just as soon be nabbed for child molesting.

President Carter's solution to the problem, which has dominated discussion so far, is aimed essentially at the short run. It would begin by "decoupling" future benefits (eliminating the double indexing for inflation that was written into the law in 1972—a multi-trillion-dollar congressional mistake), and thereby slash the long-term deficit in half. Otherwise, however, it would try to get by somehow for another couple of decades by patching together a group of piecemeal tax hikes.

Most ingeniously, the Carter plan would seek additional revenues by raising the payroll tax on employers (hiking the wage base on which the tax is paid). The given reason for this approach is that a rise in the employer's portion of the tax does not entail a future rise in benefits. An unstated reason is that such a maneuver is seen as socking it to the bosses, instead of to the workers, always a salient feature of "populist" reform. (In fact, as has been noted by numerous economists of all persuasions, the employer tax is actually borne, one way or another, by the worker.) The Carter plan would also involve a smaller series of increases in the taxes paid by workers and the self-employed.

The GOP Remedy

The most controversial feature of the Carter plan is its proposal for tapping general revenues when unemployment rises to 6 per cent—a notion that would be applied retroactively to 1975. This has received a cold shoulder from the Senate Finance Committee, and unless there is a sudden change of mood in Congress is unlikely to get very far this time around. Even without this gimmick, however, the problem in the Carter plan is that, beyond decoupling, it does not address the long-term difficulty —leaving a couple of trillion in future obligations still out there to be honored.

Showing greater promise in this direction is a 15-point proposal recently unveiled by House Minority Leader John Rhodes, Representative Barber Conable of New York, and a group of other House Republicans. Though not yet embodied in specific legislation (which may cause some revision of the estimates), the Rhodes-Conable program would attempt a simultaneous restructuring of benefits and revenues to get the system into long-term balance.

Among other things, this Republican proposal would: 1) eliminate double-indexing, as would the Carter package; 2) raise the age of eligibility for full retirement benefits from 65 to 68, a process consuming a period of years beginning in 1990; 3) include federal employees in the system; 4) reassign one-quarter of a scheduled increase in the Medicare tax rate to finance Social Security; and 5) increase tax rates for both employees and employers by a total of 1.25 per cent, notching the levy upward in three phases (1982, 1990, and 2000).

(A related though somewhat different plan has been introduced on the Senate side by Nebraska's Carl T. Curtis. The Curtis proposal would also decouple the double indexing feature, phase in a gradual increase of one-half per cent in the tax rate, and reduce the Social Security benefits payable to dependents or survivors by the amount of other public benefits to which these recipients are entitled.)

The House Republican scheme is sweetened a bit by a proposal to eliminate some glaring inequities in the present system. Most notably, the plan would strike down an unpopular feature of the existing program—the stringent limitation on earned income for retirees. It would also do away with aspects of the law that are perceived as discriminatory toward widows, working wives, and divorced women.

Something for Something

According to the Republicans' arithmetic, the net effect of all these changes would be to bring the system into equilibrium—with a deficit of less than one-half of one per cent of taxable payroll over the next 75 years. "The proposal does not," the sponsors observe, "offer the myth of something for nothing. It is realistic. There are prices to pay for the problems it solves. But we feel the prices are reasonable, especially in view of the obvious alternatives: 1) a drastic lowering of benefits, 2) a heavy increase in payroll taxes, now and in the future, or 3) the illusory use of general revenues, which would require substantial borrowing by the Treasury, an even bigger public debt, and eventually higher taxes and more inflation for all."

It is not, in many respects, an ideal plan—which is only to be expected as we try to unscramble an actuarial omelette. It is, however, the closest thing to a realistic reform to be proposed for Social Security in many moons. If the long-term crisis is to be averted, it, or something like it, will eventually have to be adopted. □

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Beyond the Human Heartland

Out of This World

MALACHI B. MARTIN

DURING THESE years, when in all continents of our world there are economic troubles, social upheavals, and political unease, it might behoove us to cast a glance at the two borders of our human heartland, borders we have been taught to accept so blithely for such a long time. For, while it may seem at this moment that all our world is afloat on such a sea of troubles that only a nuclear war or total economic breakdown could be worse, it is possible that, prior to either grim eventuality, the time-bomb wired into those makeshift borders may explode.

One border that marks our human heartland distinguishes us, as we know, from animals. The other border gives us the feeling of being unique within the universe, where our planet has been seen as the only home of intelligence. Our reliance on that distinction and our pride in that privilege mark us as genuine heirs of the Enlightenment, those glorious 1700s flowering into the 1800s, when Western civilization's long and close indenture to revealed religion was over. The leaders of Western science and humanism set out to master their environment. Confident in their view of humanness within those two borders, they would arrive at the perfection of being human solely by human intelligence and its reasoning power.

Yet now the glorious undertaking has already ended with reason's unraveling of everything it defined humanness to be. Anyone who studies, for instance, the evidence accumulated by ethologists working with chimpanzees and apes comes away with more than uncomfortable questions. For chimps Lana and Washoe and Majo and Pili, and Koko the ape, have all learned to do more than merely react to stimuli. They take the initiative. And their acts are not qualitatively different from those our modern experts would, a short time ago, have confidently described as exclusively human. But now, as far as all our modern norms of humanness go, humanness seems to be merely a matter of education, of environment. All that we were told made us distinctively human has evaporated into Yerkish.

Our privilege of place in the universe seems likewise endangered. The day has come when perhaps we would be apprehensive, worried, but no, not surprised, if our government should have to inform us that, indubitably, beyond the lifeless pale of our tiny solar system there are "intelligences" originating in some Fertile Crescent of space, and that these "intelligences," evidently hostile, clearly predatory of what we have hitherto called our species, are already circling, probing, and monitoring this Earth periodically, although as yet they remain too distant to affect our human habitat greatly.

SO WE FINALLY have begun to view ourselves as some strange hybrid caught awkwardly in a no-man's-land between primeval mud and those "higher intelligences." The term and the concept *human* have lost their original specificity. The world is filled with people who feel like refugees, though they have left no physical place. And refugees they are, for within those modern borders there no longer is or can be a human heartland such as the founders of our civilization envisaged and Christian believers have hitherto held.

Far more potent than any global dislocation of our economies, and far more virulent than the poison of Marxist atheism, this way of looking at humanness and human history prepares us—by shattering our will and dissipating our most vital self-understanding—for the type of universal breakdown that seems to hover as an ever-growing menace on our horizon today. Militarily we might acquit ourselves very creditably against outer enemies. Economies can always be mended by cutting losses. But a breakdown in our morale spells the end. We no longer have any common idea of what *human* means. What then can bind us together? Is it any wonder that while nobody really wants war, there is nobody among us who can make peace for us?

The pathetic weakness of that seemingly brave idea of the human heartland was concealed in its deliberate omission of the one element that forever unites us, giving us a reason for forgiving each other and loving each other, distinguishing us from all animals and from whatever outer-space "intelligences" we may yet confront: the divine destiny of each man and woman—and, therefore, a specific adaptation in each human being so that he or she is able to receive that destiny. We each are born with a more than human capacity to know and love God forever. No evolutionary process, even one as fantastic as the neo-Darwinian hypothesis, could produce that capacity.

And the stark truth is that, according to Christianity, the specific of humanness lies neither in a high IQ, nor in keen logic, nor in the broad grasp of factual knowledge, nor in the skillful manipulation of natural elements and forces, nor in the orderly arrangement of societal conditions and relationships, nor in sophisticated modes of gracious living, nor even in the exercise of civic freedom and political autonomy, but in our capacity to accept, and in our willing acceptance of, supernatural salvation as Jesus won it for us. To be human, we have to accept what is irreducibly greater than human. If any or all of those other conditions and faculties can be achieved too, they may help or, again, they may hinder that capacity in its exercise. But as guarantees of our humanness, they stop short at that point.

Christian believers have been stumbling and bumbling around with everyone else in these shambles of the human heartland. In fact, they have a special responsibility: for Christians believe they possess the truth. For a very long time they took cover in a mental ghetto. When they did emerge, it was to adopt bit by bit that now bankrupt idea of humanness. It is high time that they took the initiative and started to elaborate for themselves and for their fellow humans what Jesus meant by saying: "God so loved this world that He sent His only son into it, that it be saved." □

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Books Arts & Manners

Sinners and Fools

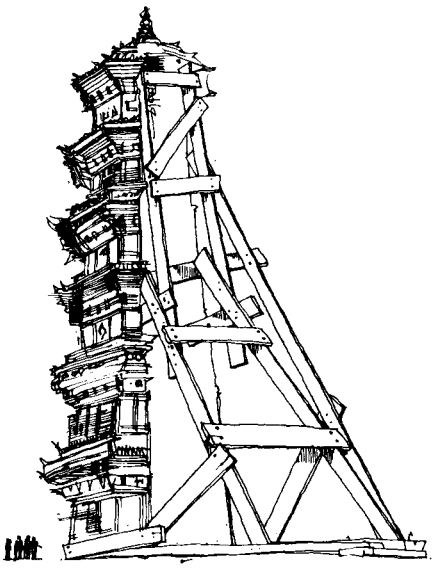
Chinese Shadows
By Simon Leys
Viking, 210 pp., $10

FRANCIS B. RANDALL

The title is a pun; the author dwells on the darker sides of what the Communists have done in China, and on the elaborate deceptions they arrange to brainwash foreign visitors, like the old Chinese shadow-play screens, behind which reality is forever uncertain. Simon Leys is the pseudonym of a Belgian Sinologist who traveled and lived in China at intervals from 1955 to 1973. His book is supposed to be the most telling attack on Mao's China ever published in France, and is said, almost unbelievably, to have shaken the Mao-faith even of left-wing French intellectuals.

The first half of the book is a classic account of how Communists run innocence tours for foreign fools. They admit very few, they pick them for their ignorance of China and Chinese, jelly-spined, Mao-loving asses who willingly allow themselves to be bamboozled on propaganda-junkets through Potemkin villages. They herd them everywhere in groups, with six watchful "guides," morning, noon, and night. Visitors see selected parts of a few of the same 12 cities and the one village per province that has electricity. They are shown through the same model schools, hospitals and factories, where everybody has been choreographed to smile at and applaud the long-noses. They "talk" to the same sixty Chinese whose profession is bemusing foreigners. All requests for greater and more significant contact with the Chinese people are lost in the shuffle. The real China cannot be perceived behind the shadow screen.

There are varieties of knaves and fools. The French detect a bit of the truth but dismiss it with dialectical persiflage. The Africans "flummox their guides by demanding beer and women." The Americans, vilest of all to Leys, "brought up on hamburger and chop suey," admire Communist hotel food and can't tell one province from another. Even the few experts suppress everything negative for fear of hurting their careers by never being allowed back to China.



Leys is 99 per cent right on all this, but he attributes too much efficiency to the devil. Even Communists can blunder. They admitted Leys, repeatedly, (and me, and my wife, and some of my friends, and others) and we all broke away from our groups, all bused or hiked into the slums, all saw desperate poverty, slave labor, and cultural genocide, and all returned unconverted and voluble. But of course Leys is preaching a passionate sermon, not making micro-measurements, and *his* picture of travel in China is the Big Picture.

The second half of the book, on China itself, is less sarcastic and more enraged. Leys sees Old China as a marvelous, utterly civilized, richly diverse human and cultural continent—and this he saw for himself in 1955, toward the end of the first great cycle of Maoist rule! There is little or no mention of the horrors of consolidating Communist power, of forced industrialization and collectivization, or of Mao's wars. He omits Mao's massacre of millions of peasants, but lands on Mao's boast of having executed 46,000 intellectuals. Leys's viewpoint is indeed very intellectual, aesthetic, and patrician.

What he hates consumingly is Mao's last period of rule, the "Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution," for it was then in the late 1960s, he believes, that a flood of wilfully brutal barbarians finally destroyed the glorious culture of China. Mobs of Mao-incited Red Guards roamed from city to city, wrecking and burning temples, closing all universities and museums. Sycophantic bureaucrats stopped the teaching of the classics of Chinese literature,

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and forced them out of print and into oblivion, while decent writers and other exemplars of Chinese culture were cursed, humiliated, silenced, enslaved as manure-carriers in the villages, and driven to suicide. And so the world's greatest civilization was replaced by Mao's "lousy" poems, universal blah-blah sloganeering, and "the cretinization of the most intelligent people on earth."

There is no discussion of the causes of the Cultural Revolution—it emerges as a colossal binge of wilfully stupid evil—but there are many examples of its dreadful results in horrifying detail. The summit of Leys's agonized fury is his account of the destruction of the walls, gates, arches, temples, and life of Peking, reducing the most beautiful and vital city in the world to a hideous corpse. Leys's picture of this period (but not of the 1950s) is considerably more shadowed than those of most other informed anti-Communist scholars. "The Maoist cancer gnawing away at the face of China" is the way he terms the period.

Leys might have written a less rambling and more comprehensive book. He might have had more charity for sinners and fools. He might have made greater efforts to keep his spleen from overmastering his balance. But then he would not have written so fine a work of prose, and he would not have been so effective a battler in a time of great need. □

The Memoirs of Chief Justice Earl Warren
By Earl Warren
Doubleday, 394 pp., $12.95

L'EMINENCE PLAT

IRVING YOUNGER

There are few questions more exhilarating than the question of who gets what and few contests more absorbing than the contest to decide the answer. So it is that politics would be the best of all spectator sports if only it were played entirely in the open.

What wouldn't one give to know exactly, in detail, step by step and word by word, how Lyndon Johnson, as Majority Leader of the Senate, brought about passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1957? Or the manner by which President Kennedy came to authorize the Bay of Pigs adventure? Someone announces the results, of course. The law may be read in the statute book and the failure of the invasion in the newspapers. It is in private, however, behind the scenes and hidden from view, that the game is played out. We are much in the position of a bedridden baseball fan with a broken television set in October. The nurse tells us the score, but that's hardly the same as watching the Series.

Once in a great while, and then only by the accident of an uninhibited diarist being called to high office, we glimpse the flow of the action. The Harold Ickes diaries, for instance, have a candor, an immediacy and concreteness, that make them an immeasurably better guide to the understanding of politics than those marmoreal public autobiographies and collections of speeches which oppress the libraries of the land. And even an Ickes may fairly be thought costive when compared with the plenitude of the Watergate tapes, the one unforced revelation we have had in our history of a politician actually at work.

The careful reader will have noted that my illustrations are drawn from the legislative and executive branches. We turn now to the judicial branch, and specifically to the Supreme Court of the United States, which has persuaded the nation that it is none of the nation's affair to know what really goes on in the conference room. (I do not mean to be taken as urging that this is wrong. I say only that it's worth talking about.)

When the press reported a few months ago that Chief Justice Burger was actively seeking a vote in favor of granting certiorari in the cover-up case, the public's response was shock at the suggestion that such a thing might happen. Yet on the two occasions when the veil has been twitched (each time courtesy of Justice Harold Burton's meticulous notes), it has appeared that the process of deciding great cases is a political process rather than a logical process, resting upon compromise rather than reason. Read the section of William Harbaugh's *Lawyer's Lawyer: The*

RANDOM NOTES

■ LEFT OVER FROM SEPTEMBER: Henry Kyemba, author of *A State of Blood: The Inside Story of Idi Amin* (Ace, $2.95), was, before his defection to London, a government official serving the pleasure of the Mad Boar of Uganda.

■ LEFT OVER FROM OCTOBER: In *No Bigger Than Necessary* (NAL/Meridian, $3.95), Andrew Greeley proposes an ideal form of social organization based upon a system of natural groupings such as families and other small communities. Greeley believes that the close relations found among ethnic communities, many of which are Catholic, suggest that the social behavior there exhibited is rooted in the social theory of the Church.

■ SOME NOVEMBER TITLES: Jorge Edwards, author of *Persona Non Grata: An Envoy in Castro's Cuba* (Pomerica Press/distributor Dutton, $8.95), was the man chosen by President Salvadore Allende to reopen the Chilean Embassy in Cuba in 1970. Edwards was an admirer of Fidel and expected a comradely welcome from him. When he began to fraternize with restless Cuban literati, however, Castro's goons spied upon and from time to time harassed him. . . . *Assault With A Deadly Weapon: The Autobiography of a Street Criminal* (Pantheon, $8.95) is "by" John Allen and edited by Dianne Hall Kelly and Philip Heyman, who cut and spliced from numerous tape recordings made of the "author's" reminiscences. Allen is a former pimp, thief, and addict from the capital of the United States, now a paraplegic as the result of the operations of certain professional hazards of his former trades. . . . Joseph T. Shipley's *In Praise of English: The Growth and Use of Language* (Times Books, $10) treats of language, the English language and its uses especially. . . . If you like the dance (the art form *par excellence* for the intellectually underprivileged), you'll find Arlene Croce's critical articles on the medium most entertaining. A selection of her writings since 1966 is being published as *After-Images* (Knopf, $12.95). . . . Ralph Nader *lui-même* has contributed an Introduction to John D. Hanrahan and Peter Gruenstein's *Lost Frontier: The Marketing of Alaska* (Norton, $10.95). A far more evocative and much less didactic treatment of the subject is to be found in John McPhee's lively series of articles on Alaska in *The New Yorker*, which, we hope and presume, will eventually be printed somewhere between boards.

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Life of John W. Davis, summarizing how *Brown* v. *Board of Education* came to be decided, or the *Yale Law Journal*'s play-by-play account of the decision on the released-time cases, and my point is made. Had Lyndon Johnson and John Kennedy been there to participate in the hard bargaining, they would have felt neither unfamiliar nor undermatched.

Normally, though, all the public gets is an opinion which leaves the politics of the decision in obscurity. That, as I say, is the way we've learned to expect the Supreme Court to do business. Its authority thrives upon secrecy. Those who love the Court and its authority therefore love the secrecy as well, but, like all lovers, they pant to know what it is the beloved conceals. Afire with anticipated delectations, then, they open the *Memoirs of Chief Justice Earl Warren. Quelle déception*! Of 372 pages of text, 274 are devoted to Warren's career up to October 4, 1953, and 22 to the investigation of the Kennedy assassination. His troubles with the American Bar Association and other critics of the Court occupy 29 of the remaining 76 pages: hence only 47 pages deal with that by virtue of which we remember him, Warren's service as Chief Justice of the United States.

And those pages are perfect in their discretion. They say nothing about the Court which might not with decorum be read to a junior high-school civics class, nearly all of it insipid. The exception is the portion describing Warren's first day on the job. It is circumstantial enough to satisfy even my phantasizing curiosity about first days in high office. (I return to the White House from the Inauguration. The usher says, "This is your desk, Mr. President," and leaves, closing the door behind him. What do I do now?)

Rather better is the account of Warren's years as a successful and powerful public man in California. From his appointment as a clerk of the Judiciary Committee of the state legislature in 1919 through election to the governorship in 1942, re-election in 1946, the campaign for Vice President in 1948, and the re-election to the governorship yet again in 1950, the *Memoirs* tell much that historians will be glad to know and that readers with a taste for the minutiae of politics will find enchanting.

Bear in mind, however, that these are the chronicles of one who, conscious of having participated in memorable events, is nothing loath to be thought admirable. The likeness of a living soul to be seen in Franklin's *Autobiography*, Rousseau's *Confessions*, Grant's *Memoirs*, or Pepys's *Diary*, is absent here. Instead, we have Warren's portrait of himself as a great man who never did anything wrong, never bent to temptation, never felt regret or doubt, and never worried about anything in the middle of the night, alone. He looks upon his works, and they are good.

It would be a wonderful thing to have led such a life, but I doubt that anybody ever did, not even Earl Warren. He was inexpressibly shocked, for example, when, in 1969, the Justice Department attempted an *ex parte* approach to him in a pending case (pp. 337-42). Years before, he had done exactly the same thing as District Attorney of Alameda County (p. 92), but he fails to perceive the connection. It seems not to occur to him that what is improperly done by John Mitchell is also improperly done by Earl Warren. Nor does he think it worth mentioning that he may have acted basely when, as Governor, he insisted that all California employees take a loyalty oath. I point to these matters not in any spirit of carping criticism—a tendency to speak well of one's self is only natural, after all, even in a Chief Justice—but merely to forewarn the prospective reader.

More troublesome than any omission in the *Memoirs* is their demonstration of Warren's tendency to see things flat, without mystery or subtlety, wiped clean of Virgil's *lacrimae rerum*. Since space permits but one example, I choose the one the Chief Justice would choose (p. 306):

> The *Brown* case and the changes that it brought about caused many people to believe that it was the most important case of my tenure on the Court. That appraisal may be correct, but I have never thought so. It seemed to me that accolade should go to the case of *Baker* v. *Carr*, which was the progenitor of the "one man, one vote" rule.

The merits of the *Baker* decision Warren explains as follows (p. 308):

> The reason I am of the opinion that *Baker* v. *Carr* is so important is because I believe so devoutly that, to paraphrase Abraham Lincoln's famous epigram, ours is a government of *all* the people, by *all* the people, and for *all* the people. It is a representative form of government through which the rights and responsibilities of every one of us are defined and enforced. If these rights and responsibilities are to be fairly realized, it must be done by representatives who are responsible to all the people, not just those with special interests to serve. In sustaining this principle in a case involving legislative representatives, I expressed it in this way: "Legislators represent people, not trees or acres. Legislators are elected by voters, not farms or cities or economic interests. As long as ours is a representative form of government, and our legislatures are those instruments of government elected directly by and directly representative of the people, the right to elect legislators in a free and unimpaired fashion is a bed-rock of our political system."

NOW THIS is powerful stuff, perhaps sufficient to move any right-thinking person to believe that "one man, one vote" should be read into the Constitution. There is something more to it, though. Justice Frankfurter dissented in *Baker* on the ground that reapportionment is a "political thicket" federal judges had best avoid. Warren mentions Frankfurter's dissent but seems unaware of the four other arguments which must be dealt with if "one man, one vote" is to commend itself as a principle rather than as a slogan.

First, justice. Is there some *a priori* reason why government of, by, and for all the people means government one vote at a time? Who says that justice requires each man to have a vote equal to every other man's? What does the Chief Justice make of Plato's *Republic*?

Second, government. Is it wise to give all citizens an equal voice in government? Perhaps legislators should be regarded as representing trees and acres as well as people. Who else will look out for trees and acres? And, in any event, why does representative government require the leveling of those represented? Has the Chief Justice read Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*?

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Third, politics. Will a widely extended suffrage make it too easy for "bosses" to take control? When power is divided into numerous small pieces, doesn't the "wire-puller" acquire too much influence? Was the Chief Justice not told about Sir Henry Maine's *Popular Government*?

Fourth, prudence. Might it be that the only certain consequence of "one man, one vote" is public bankruptcy? Don't too many voters vote merely their pocketbook? For too many of those whose pocketbooks are empty, isn't the only way to vote the way that will cause the government to fill them? Is the Chief Justice ignorant of David Hume's *Essay on Civil Liberty*?

These considerations may well fall short of counterbalancing the simple appeal of "one man, one vote." Warren seems oblivious to their very existence, however. His *Memoirs* show him to have been a man of good will, but benevolence alone has never sufficed to cabin the wicked. It is necessary sometimes to face difficulties. □

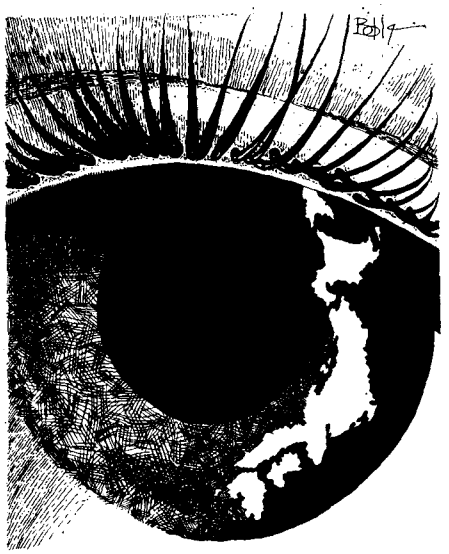
The Japanese
By Edwin O. Reischauer
Belknap/Harvard, 426 pp., $15

GET OUT OF HIS WAY

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

There is a charming story to the effect that, many centuries ago, people from an alien world landed on the Earth. Finding their surroundings agreeable, they decided to stay, and—to facilitate the transition—changed their appearance to resemble as closely as possible their new neighbors: the Chinese. Thus came into being the people of Japan.

It is as good a theory as any other. As an indefatigable tourist, I have become familiar with many foreign lands. Some I have grown to love, many others to appreciate. Without ever forgetting how hard it is to comprehend the true inwardness of another human being, let alone another country, I honestly believe I can claim to have achieved at least a basic understanding of most of the places I have visited. But after eight trips to Japan, I ruefully confess that the Japanese still baffle me.



In some ways theirs is the most Western—and thus, one might suppose, the most comprehensible—of all non-Western societies. Certainly it is among the most open: Every year hundreds of thousands of tourists, the overwhelming majority of them American, throng Tokyo's elderly Haneda Airport, rubberneck along the glittering Ginza, gawk at the awesome shrine of the first Tokugawa shogun amid the mountains above Nikko, snap their countless Kodachrome shots of the magnificent Gold Pavilion in Kyoto, savor the sukiyaki, the tempura, the sashimi, the Kobe beef, the sticky white rice, the excellent beer, the green-tea ice cream—and go their ways, knowing . . . what? Not the Japanese, certainly. Impassive, scrupulously polite, they bow us on our way. But behind those sliding doors, by the light (one imagines—wrongly) of paper lanterns, they live lives that we shall never share, or even see.

A new book about Japan by Edwin Reischauer is therefore not only an event but an occasion for hope. For in a country such as ours, where there are an estimated five hundred scholars capable of making substantial use of the Japanese language, Reischauer is very near the top of the heap as an all-around expert on Japan. He was born there; he was raised there; he married a Japanese; he was the U.S. Ambassador to Japan from 1961 to 1966; and now he enjoys the title of University Professor at Harvard, specializing in Japanese history and culture. For all his identification with modish liberal views on many peripheral matters, the only sensible reaction to Reischauer on the subject of Japan is to get out of his way.

So I am happy to report that Professor Reischauer confirms my impression (which is, after all, only the general impression) of the essential *differentness* of the Japanese people. It is, he explains with affectionate exasperation, largely a matter of their self-perception: by virtue of their long isolation, their cultural homogeneity, and perhaps above all their strangely different language (which makes it as hard, if unimportant, for others to learn Japanese as it is hard—and desperately important—for the Japanese to learn English), the Japanese see themselves as a nation very much apart: not necessarily better, and certainly dedicated (in this generation) to international cooperation and world peace, but nonetheless very . . . *other*.

It is a pity that Professor Reischauer is not, in addition to being a towering authority on Japan, a better writer. The best parts of his book are the beginning—the crispest hundred-page summary of Japan's long history that I have ever seen—and the end, when he unexpectedly drops his classroom tone and speaks vividly about the problems caused by the idiosyncracies of the Japanese language. In between there stretches a series of mercifully short chapters giving precise but colorless descriptions of every aspect of Japanese society—Individuality, Hierarchy, Education, Business, Mass Culture, Women, Religion, etc.—and a piercingly dull account of Japanese political institutions (which I suspect Professor Reischauer's students would nonetheless be well advised to memorize).

ONE LONGS, drowsing over these arid passages, for even a hint of the anecdotal zest and flavor that enlivened every page of William Forbis' *Japan Today* (Harper & Row, 1975). Instead we are told, in chapter after chapter, that the Japanese have been described as having trait A; that there is much truth in this generalization, but that opposing trait B is also present; "still," trait A is undeniably dominant. That "still" is a real tic with Professor Reischauer: "Still, the traditional sense of hierarchy. . ."; "Still, there does seem a basic difference in emphasis on growth and profits between Japanese and Western businessmen"; "Still, on

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the whole, Japanese economic worries lie more in relations with the outside world. . .”; etc., etc.

Still (if you will forgive me), for all the book's lack of the anecdotal touch, there is a lot here: the best-balanced and most comprehensive overview of modern Japan available in bookstores today. Professor Reischauer is frankly an admirer of Japan's political and economic achievements, but he is also acutely aware of how fragile these are in an uneasy world where Japan has become wholly dependent for its survival on imports of raw materials and exports of finished goods across thousands of miles of open sea. In the end, he leaves us wishing these intelligent and hard-working people well. I know I do. I'm glad they liked it here, and I hope they continue to stay. □

Psychiatric Terror
By Sidney Block and Peter Reddaway
Basic Books, 510 pp., $12.95

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING

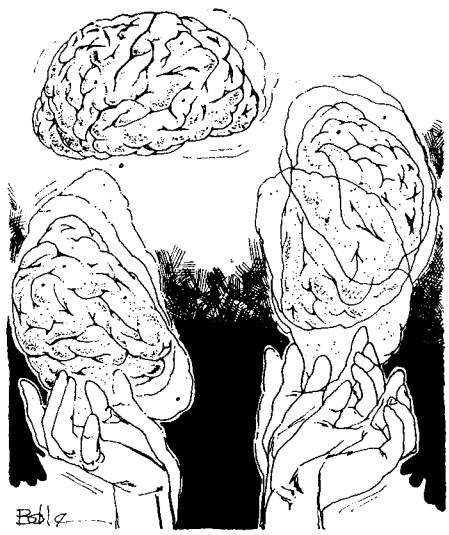
JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

Forget Bukovsky, Gluzman, Grigorenko, Medvedev, even Solzhenitsyn; these are the heroes, the stellar attractions in the human rights sideshow. Celebrities. People whose autograph you'd like to have, people you'd gladly pay $4,000 for a single guest-speaker shot.

Instead, take just a moment from your life to acknowledge the existence of Vladimir Balakhonov who, unable to bear continued separation from his small daughter, voluntarily repatriated to the Soviet Union in 1972, enticed by a promise of no reprisal. Since his return, he has divided his time between labor camps and punitive psychiatric wards. So has Nikolai Breslavsky, a Soviet army veteran of World War II forcibly repatriated to the workers' paradise by the U.S. under the terms of the Yalta agreement, *31 years ago*. He was still in a dreaded “special” psychiatric hospital in 1976, in failing health. Alekseі Kotov, an orthodox Christian, was originally sentenced for religious activity in the *early 1930s*; Yan Krylsky, since emigrated to Israel, knew him at the Sychyovka “hospital” in 1973, and described him as “unbroken.” And Mikhail Lonchakov, a Ukrainian monk, was 74 years old at the time of his original internment, in 1964.

Here are some other names you should remember, though for different reasons: Dr. Andrei Snezhnevsky, the reigning czar of Russian psychiatry, father of the diagnosis “schizophrenia with no visible symptoms,” the tireless healer who identified the syndrome “sluggish schizophrenia,” the primary symptom of which is the absence of any symptoms. Dr. Elizaveta Lavritskaya, a devotee of the “roll-up” method of tranquilization, during which sheets of wet canvas are wrapped around the patient's body from head to toe; as the canvas dries, it becomes tighter, crushing and suffocating the patient. Dr. Daniil Lunts, who doubles as a politically pliant psychiatrist and a KGB colonel. Dr. Georgy Morozov, Dr. Ruben Nadzharov, Dr. Zoya Serebryakova. . .

This book is not a polemic. Bloch and Reddaway are scholars who take their medicine and their law—even Soviet law—seriously. They coolly and relentlessly document the sickening, incredible abuses: patients tied to beds for days on end, left to lie in their own filth, regularly beaten by hospital “orderlies” who are common criminals serving their time in these jobs; brutal interrogations; insulin shock treatment. They also provide a chilling explication of psychiatry's evolution under totalitarian socialism—where Pavlov's behavior modification theories have become



dogma, where some psychiatrists, overwhelmed by the ubiquitousness of the State in every phase of every life, have actually allowed themselves to be convinced that piety, or a desire to emigrate, or even a minor political eccentricity, is a sign of schizophrenia. Impossible, you say? Consider that medical students in the USSR receive 297 hours of training in anatomy, 213 hours of surgery, and 250 hours of Marxist-Leninist studies.

One page after another demonstrates the terrible banality of evil. Few of the perpetrators of these abuses are raving ideologues intent on burying us; fewer still believe in the medical legitimacy of what they are doing. Most do what is expected of them. They cling to their flats, their families, their modest incomes, their places on the auto queue: the few material indicators of the “good life” in a bad society. “I have no feelings on the job,” said one psychiatrist, “only instructions.” As he said it, he was preparing to administer a forcible injection of purified sulphur, a drug which has no medical purpose except to cause high fever and persistent, excruciating pain throughout the body. Once a dissenter has been declared not responsible, the psychiatrist understands what is expected. “The Soviet Union,” many will tell you, “is a nation of perfect understanding.”

The West's political reactions to all of this have been largely predictable. In 1972 in Moscow, during one of the periodic worldwide excitations over psychiatric terror, Richard Nixon and Leonid Brezhnev launched detente. Among the documents they signed was a medical protocol calling for joint research into—schizophrenia. And Dr. Denis Leigh shouldn't escape the light, either. This Secretary General of the World Psychiatric Association torpedoed all attempts to have Soviet psychiatric abuses docketed on the organization's agenda during its 1971 convention, ignoring dozens of pleas smuggled out of Russia on behalf of interned dissidents.

And what of those dissenters?—those interned in psychiatric jungles, those scattered throughout the Gulag, yet unbroken. And those still living out their day-to-day lives, doing their jobs, supporting their families, knowing that at any second everything they hold dear can be torn from them. Where does

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such courage come from? How do they survive? Aleksandr Volpin supplies one answer. He says that to live as a dissident in the Soviet Union one has to come to terms with the most basic of man's urges, and abide by one rule: "Away with the instinct of self-preservation."

For the dissenter, the Soviet Union is a nightmare world designed by Lewis Carroll, modernized by George Orwell, and interpreted by Ivan Pavlov.

Do you doubt it? Consider Vladimir Bukovsky's most recent trial on charges of agitating for the release of a number of psychiatrically interned dissenters. His lawyer courageously petitioned the court to produce those dissenters as witnesses for Bukovsky, but the motion was denied.

Of what use to us, sneered the court, is the testimony of madmen? □

Lonely Vigil: Coastwatchers of the Solomons
By Walter Lord
Viking, 322 pp., $12.50

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Two years after a handful of RAF pilots turned the tide of battle in the skies over Britain, another savage series of air and naval battles was fought in the far Pacific which was to change the complexion of that war. "Guadalcanal saved the Pacific," Bull Halsey was to say later, "and the Coastwatchers saved Guadalcanal."

In a lightning strike in August of 1942, American forces, on the run since Pearl Harbor and Bataan, stormed ashore on Guadalcanal and seized a nearly completed Japanese airbase there which they called Henderson Field. The Japanese navy, racing to the rescue, scattered the U.S. fleet, which retreated with the bulk of the supplies for the invasion force still in its holds. It was a stalemate of sorts. The Marines now held an operating airbase in the heart of the Japanese-occupied Solomons. The Japanese held the rest of the island, but not in sufficient force to oust the intruders, and so the Tokyo Express came into being.

Down "The Slot" through the Solomon Island chain came the Tokyo Express—destroyers, barges and transports—day after day with supplies and troop reinforcements for Japan's Guadalcanal garrison. From Henderson Field, the Cactus Air Force, as it called itself, responded. But the Grummans on Henderson were cumbersome and slow. The tired pilots needed two hours' advance warning to scramble into the air and climb to 30,000 feet, from which altitude they could successfully attack the faster and more maneuverable Zeroes.

By and large they got that warning. "Forty bombers heading yours," might come the laconic radioed warning from Coastwatcher Jack Read on Bougainville.

Read was one of a tiny band of men, most of them Australian, dotted here and there in the Solomons, each equipped with a cumbersome teleradio, supported by a handful of loyal native scouts and helpers, and by precious little else but courage and dedication. They operated behind enemy lines, usually one white man to a station, in steamy jungles, eating off the land, frequently on the run. They performed magnificently in a take-no-prisoner war. (One Japanese commander boasted that if he caught Snowy Rhoades he would cut off his hands and his feet.)

Some had been district officials, some planters, some missionaries who chose to stay with their flocks when the Solomons were abandoned to the Japs; others were navy men or radio technicians dropped in by night by PBY or submarine. One was a U.S. corporal from Colorado who found coastwatching more "my kind of war" than unloading transports at Henderson; one was a half-caste who performed every function of the Coastwatcher but who, because of his color in a still colonial time, never attained higher rank than private. The Coastwatchers had a style all their own and were, as was natural with men who lived by their wits, the despair of the brass.

KEN HAY, for instance, insists on lugging his kerosene-powered refrigerator along even when Japanese patrols make him "go bush," as the Coastwatchers refer to the frequent abrupt abandonment of their camps. Hay prefers his butter nestled on ice and his beer—when he has any—cold. Donald Kennedy's uniformed houseboys serve his dinner guests immaculately appointed meals on liberated Japanese linen and China, sometimes within earshot of Japanese patrols. A downed U.S. B-17 pilot, coming ashore on a rubber raft, is nonplussed when a white man in tattered shirt and shorts, offers him his card: Jack Keenan, onetime Patrol Officer on Bougainville, now Coastwatcher extraordinary.

In November 1942 Japanese patrols will force Jack Read to pull back from his advance observation post at Porapora in northern Bougainville. It is hot and steamy, the rain comes down in sheets as Read and his men go bush, carrying their heavy equipment up slippery jungle paths, just ahead of the Japs. Read has been ordered to maintain radio silence. But the next morning, the clouds break and the sun comes out. Below he sees a massive Japanese convoy steaming southeast. Read hooks up his radio, strings an aerial and warns KEN, at Henderson, of what is coming their way. He will have given the first notice of the fourth and largest Japanese attempt to retake Henderson Field. In southern Bougainville, Paul Mason picks up where Read left off, ticking off the Japanese war vessels with his copy of *Jane's Fighting Ships*. The Americans muster every plane and every ship in the area and fall on the Japanese in force. Only 2,000 of the 15,000 troops aboard the transports will get ashore at Guadalcanal, very little of the 10,000 tons of supplies will be landed. The battle of Guadalcanal is over, Japan's retreat to the home islands has started.

But this is only part of what the Coastwatchers do. They also round up missionaries and nuns, civil servants and planters, who had remained on the islands during the first months after Pearl Harbor, and arrange their evacuation. They organize networks of scouts

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and friendly natives who arrange the rescue of stranded pilots and sailors. Henry Josselyn will mastermind the successful evacuation of 165 survivors of the light cruiser *Helena*, sunk in a naval engagement off Vella Lavella island. Another sailor the Coastwatchers will rescue is John F. Kennedy, and so casual was Kennedy's encounter with the Coastwatcher who saved him and his men that he can't even remember his name. For the record, it was Reg Evans.

It is all here, in much greater detail, in Walter Lord's workmanlike and marvelously researched *Lonely Vigil*, complete with some fascinating snapshots of the Coastwatchers, the natives who made their missions possible, and the men and women they saved from certain captivity and probable death. If Walter Lord can be faulted it is that, in his anxiety to cover everything, his account comes out as clinical, somewhat desiccated. The excitement is there but not the emotion. That is one of the casualties of the genre, as readers of Lord's earlier books, *A Night to Remember* (the *Titanic*) and *Day of Infamy* (Pearl Harbor), will recognize.

Still, what he has produced is a too long delayed tribute to a few in the South Pacific to whom a great many owed a great deal. □

FICTION

Players
By Don DeLillo
Knopf, 212 pp., $7.95

A PSYCHIC MYSTERY

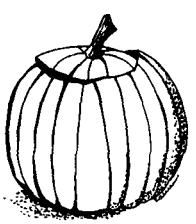
ZANE KOTKER

We can't hear the movie in the airplane because we don't have headsets, but a piano in the aircraft's bar provides ominous and then innocently tinkling accompaniment as seven or eight middle-aged suburban men on screen swing their golf clubs over a wide, bright green. "It's worthwhile to point out that the characters and landscape are being seen through the special viewpoint of a long lens. This is a lesson in the intimacy of distance." The voice at the beginning of Don DeLillo's *Players* comes not from the screen but from DeLillo who whispers as we watch. On the screen a man with a semi-automatic rifle rises in the underbrush of the foreground. A woman, wearing fringed buckskin pants and holding a machete, runs in slow motion across the green. The revolution begins with "blood on golf bags, on white shoes, spreading over tartan pants." The piano music ends, the travelers remember they are on a plane and Don DeLillo's chilling and perceptually disquieting novel about the ambiance of our time is off to a running start.

Lyle and Pammy are a young Manhattan couple who have no children. They used to go to or rather "collect" restaurants; now they live parallel lives, viewing each other but not being together, even in their daily sexual play. They miss each other most, or seem to be most together, when forced to separate, to live beyond each other's gaze. Then each character lives as the focal point of the whole world, sensations streaming in, perceptions radiating out. Lyle works at 11 Wall Street on the floor of the Stock Exchange; at home he sits within dialing distance of the TV and watches but seconds of fleeting images before he moves the dial. The sound is off or too low to matter, or the program is in Spanish. Lyle is always aware of the nonpersonal, electrical units of power underpinning reality. Sometimes he carries teleprinter slips around: "The paper contained nerve impulses: a synaptic digit, a phoneme, a dimensionless point." Real life in units and dimensions normally perceived by the human eye bores him. Plays, for instance, bore him, though movies don't: A "kind of torpor was generated by three-dimensional bodies, real space as opposed to the manipulated depth of film." At home alone, he finds it hard to turn off TV. "There would be a gap to fill. It caused a tremendous wrench, turning off the set. He was *there*, part of the imploding light."

Pammy writes publicity brochures for Grief Management. The one on death was called "Let Professionals Help You Cope . . ." It cost a dollar. Grief's headquarters are in the north tower of the enormous and dwarfing World Trade Center. Sometimes she has trouble getting the right tower. "To Pammy the towers didn't seem permanent. They remained concepts, no less transient for all their bulk than some routine distortion of light. Making things seem even more fleeting was the fact that office space at Grief Management was constantly being reapportioned. Workmen sealed off some areas with partitions, opened up others, moved file cabinets, wheeled in chairs and desks. . . ." But generally Pammy's intense and disjointed perception of a tense, disjointed world focuses not on space but on words. Indeed, it is as if she were the left (language) brain and Lyle the right (image, space) brain. "They're green, look," she says to Lyle who stares at the color screen. "They're all neerg. These people here are neerg."

"Maine" she repeats as if it were a living entity (or could become so by the process of naming) to her cubicle mate, Ethan Segal. Maine is where Ethan's young, homosexual lover Jack Laws—"a would-be drifter"—wants to go. Pammy flies off on vacation with the two men and violence erupts there, from "each other's vulnerability, the moment-to-moment tong wars." Pammy is ultimately alone in Maine, knowing that "fear is intense self-awareness." She studies a miniature golf course, green. Yes, the characters in the book proper are related to those of the prologue who watch the wordless movie and to the players in that movie who attack the establishment beneath the flags of a golf course.



Back at home, Lyle has watched a man murdered on the floor of the Exchange. Urged to check out a new secretary, Lyle takes her home: on her kitchen wall he sees a picture of the dead man and of the murderer, sitting on either side of the girl. *Players* is a mystery novel; Lyle is drawn into the double-agent tension of a face-off between reactionary and revolutionary camps. One character is named Marina. To proceed further into the eerie plot would be unfair to DeLillo.

Players is not, of course, a novel of plot or of surface action. The mystery is psychic; the hall of murder is a hall of mirrors, not all of them silvered. What's going on? Where are we in a

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see-no-see and *hear-no-hear* arena of deceit reminiscent of Watergate? Is anybody watching us? How does it all fit together? These questions occupy the reader who expects and finds on every several pages a little shimmer of recognition, who less frequently utters a little gasp of hubris at having suspected just what DeLillo delivers, and only a sentence or two before he tells us. Perfect timing on DeLillo's part.

Players is cool jazz; being a lover of hot jazz, I find something vital missing from this novel. It's real people: the players themselves don't compel me: I don't care what happens to them. Yet DeLillo does compel. He's funny, especially with details, and his conversation bears its characterizations brilliantly:

"How come no dishwasher?"

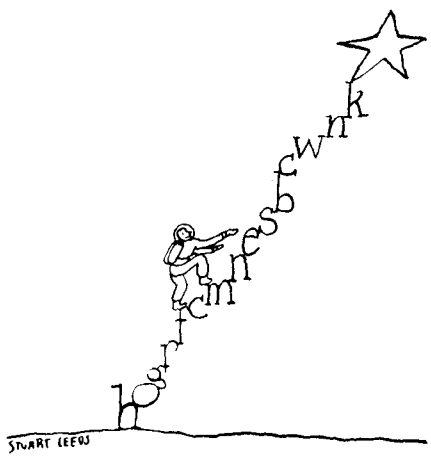
"I want these glasses to know what it feels like to be washed by human hands," she said. "I don't want them to grow up thinking everything's done the easy way, by machine, with impersonal detergent."

"It's broken again?"

"You call."

"You, for once."

DeLillo also compels through the totality of the book: *Players* hovers in the mind, echoing, waiting to be more fully understood, to be realized from yet another angled reflector. His cool, disjointed, plugged-in, plugged-out, childless and almost familyless characters are scarcely unintentional. While reading about them, I thought frequently of a remark by the social historian Peter Laslett describing pre-industrial society: "Men, women and children have to be very close together for a very long time to generate the emotional power which can give rise to a tragedy of Sophocles, Shakespeare, or Racine. Conflict in such a society was between individual people, on the personal scale." In contrast, we and DeLillo's players are born, punch clocks, and die alone, all within an urban mass. *Players* seems like science fiction but it's about now, and it would make a terrifying movie. □



The PRINTED WORD

GOOD GREY BANANAS

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Why is it that the *New York Times*, a great newspaper, a rich source of information and sensitive criticism in various fields, should be so sterile, so banal, so soporific in its editorials? It isn't just a matter of being wrong; it isn't even just a matter of being boring. One feels that the writer is as bored as the reader. Here are two concluding sentences from today's batch of editorials. "We can, and in this case should, take part in sanctions which curtail the flow of goods, but not the flow of ideas." If you don't notice the syntactical muddle of that one, it's because you're inured to the equation Interference with Ideas=Bad. But substitute other terms, and the ambiguity of the structure is obvious: "We can, and in this case should, boycott pears, but not bananas." We can boycott bananas, except in this case? We can never boycott bananas? The writer's appeal is to liberal reflexes, not to reason. And: "The birth of the new bill is a sad event for the nation's poor women—and for everyone who believes, as we do, that safe abortions should be available to all women, not just those who can afford them." Are we to infer that some people "believe" that so-called safe abortions should be legal only so long as they are unavailable to poor women? Or what? Well, we know the answer, not because the writer has given us a clue, but because we know the cliché that animates him—if there is a sense in which a writer who writes such stuff can be described as animated.

We are all utopians now, as Irving Kristol has said, and the decorum of what is called "public opinion" requires that editorial pages be suffused with an optimism of gaseous indeterminacy. The chief trait of modern liberalism is its irresponsible and formulaic good intentions. In *The Unheavenly City*, Edward Banfield remarks on the passion to improve society morally even if it means worsening it materially. Results don't matter: the important thing is to intone the prescribed pieties about the poor, free speech, prejudice, and peace. Public opinion is by no means a consensus or sum of private opinions: it is something more like publicly presentable opinion, and the *Times* is the Emily Post of such matters. It offers a model of how to appear thoughtful without having to think; a set of plausible incantations for all occasions.

I OFTEN WONDER why it is that American political writing can't be as fresh as American sportswriting. To turn from the *Times* to (say) *Sports Illustrated* is to be struck by a scandalous maldistribution of good humor and literary grace: surely our public affairs deserve as much application of wit and mind as our pennant races. Perhaps it is a function of anonymity: I notice that *Newsweek*'s news stories have gained in incisiveness (and declined in pomposity) since they have been signed —an innovation I thought trivial at first, since the signatures were unfamiliar. The effect of a by-line seems to be to liberate the writer from feeling he must write from the diaphragm, in the third-person omniscient, as if he were impersonating some editorial Oversoul. On the other hand, *The New Republic* still offers unsigned editorials, and they have gotten very lively lately —largely because they do acknowledge there are real issues to be reasoned about, not just high-minded attitudes to be struck. Then too, their editorials have gotten increasingly conservative lately; if it keeps up, we at *NR* will have to start referring to *TNR* as our sister publication on the Right.

Malcolm Muggeridge has exposed the squalid realities of editorial-writing. In his autobiography he recalls writing his first "leader" for the *Manchester Guardian*: assigned to write on corporal punishment, he furtively ascertained that the *Guardian* was against it (he'd suspected as much, but was ashamed to admit he wasn't sure), then pro-

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ceeded to open the full diapason—"the words seemed to come of themselves":

"First the originating observation—*As Mr. So-and-So, headmaster of such-and-such a school, justly observed at the Headmaster's Conference meeting yesterday* . . . Then the qualifying counter-observation—*Some of his colleagues took him to task* . . . ('Taking to task' is better editorialese than 'criticized' or 'attacked,' as it is better to say that Mr. So-and-so's withers remain unwrung than that he is unrepentant.) Followed by a touch of facetiousness; out with the dictionary of quotations—*That eminent pedagogue, Mr. Wackford Squeers of Dotheboys Hall, might not agree* . . . Preparing the way for the ascent to total seriousness—*It is surely high time that this reprehensible practice were discontinued*—and working up to the moral point on which every leader must hinge—*inflicting, as it does, quite apart from any purely physical pain or discomfiture, serious psychological damage on punisher and punished alike* . . . Finally, a note of hope, on which all good leaders must go out—*While not for one moment suggesting that punishment, as such, can be wholly dispensed with, it is greatly to be hoped that the use of the cane will be, if not abolished altogether, then reserved for only the most drastic occasions* . . . In editorialese time is always 'high' and punishment 'as such.' "

The editorial Muggeridge reconstructs was written nearly half a century ago; yet it is fully as stale as if it had appeared in this morning's *Times*. □

SNOBBERIES

UP FROM THE DAR

MICHAEL BARTON

My father-in-law tells this story: he and his wife were attending a gathering of the Bean descendants in America. This was her interest, not his, for she was a Bean by her father's mother ("I've also got a little bit of Pennsylvania Dutch in me," she notes). The fellow running the gathering was taking a long time waxing about the Beans—this famous Bean did that, and that Bean was famous for this, and so on and so forth. "But my golly," father says, "the way I figured it not one of those Beans could've had more than a drop of blood from the first Beans. Yet, there they were, braggin' like they were pedigreed" ("Oh, Walt," my mother-in-law moans at this point). "Anyway," he continues, "we were leaving, and I said to myself, but loud enough to be heard by all of 'em, 'I'd sure feel a lot better if there was even just one horse thief back then.' " He grins and chuckles; Frannie moans again, "Oh, Walt."

His attitude about ancestors—in particular the hagiography of tracing and saluting them—is delightfully skeptical, markedly American. In this country if you talk about anybody more remote than your grandparents, or mention, with specifications, your origins in another country, or, worst of all, hang some plastic coat-of-arms on your wall near the entryway, then you invite being called a snob. This is no place for extended filial piety. Hereabouts, nobody's better than anybody else. Harry walked around the block in Independence, Ike was put in a plain Army casket, and Jimmy carries his own bag onto the plane. And we are allowed to refer to them that way. Groucho Marx acted for most of us when he mocked the opera that night with all its pretentious patrons, blue bloods who must have known the middle and maiden names of all their forebears. If they had told Groucho that their ancestors had come over on the *Mayflower*, he would have asked them where had they parked their moving van. Of course, these puncturing attitudes are a consequence of our deep affection for "democracy" and "equality," as those ideas are casually defined.

But nowadays, you know, all this is changing faster than you can say Kunta Kinte. We no longer live in a Republic striving to be so plain and fresh, no longer taunt the reckoning of kinship. Instead, today's citizens are digging up their roots, scavenging old censuses, taking rubbings from tombstones, and so finally charting their descent. "Everybody's Search for Roots," was *Newsweek*'s cover story not long ago.

We have several new books to use in the search. Jim Watts and Allen F. Davis have edited one for college courses: *Generations: Your Family in Modern American History* (Knopf). Their text consists of excerpts from reflective works by Piri Thomas, Malcolm X, Studs Terkel, Mario Puzo, and other genealogists less famous. It also provides exercises for students writing their own family history (the term "genealogy" is avoided by the editors; professional historians have always thought it connoted useless antiquarianism, while the phrase "family history" implies legitimate social history). There are timely, guiding questions printed in the margins, such as, "Were drugs a part of your experience of growing up?" "Have you ever been an outsider?" "Is it inevitable for parents and children to become enemies?" "Is it still worth dreaming?" Those remarks distinguish this modern genealogical guide from those the DAR might have used.

Two other exemplary, more pointed books serve specific "ethnic" groups: Charles Blockson's *Black Genealogy* (Prentice-Hall), and Dan Rottenberg's *Finding Our Fathers: A Guide to Jewish Genealogy* (Random House). Both take advantage of the enthusiasm generated by Alex Haley's *Roots* (Doubleday), and Irving Howe's grand *World of Our Fathers* (Simon & Schuster).

The latent message, I think, in these three new books, as well as dozens of others, is the same message you find in the elite's guidebooks, genealogies, and social registers: you are somehow a better person than you knew because now you know these people once lived. For surely, no one would spend time and money digging up roots if they thought their discoveries would be shameful? It can't be mere "identity" they seek, can it? One imagines certified WASPs cackling to themselves, sensing justification, murmuring, "We told you so. Doesn't it feel rather good to have arrived, to be grounded?" The implication of the New Genealogy is that everyone can be proud of his kin, but that is not possible, it it? Somebody goes back to Attila the Hun.

Why is genealogy excusable now? Has snobbism sneakily triumphed by

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trickling down? Could this all be some clever archivist's ploy to save his job? In the corrupt present, can we only find our integrity in a handmade past?

But this digging is probably harmless, and even beneficial, spadework. Genealogy may, correctly, enhance our self-regard a bit, and it may teach us more respect for that portion of our history which is respectable. In many ways, it "puts us in our place." We may even follow some of the better standards of our elders.

THIS MUCH is curious: once sentiment for one's bloodlines was suspect because we thought such feelings could actually be dangerous. We knew that people did not pursue feuds unless they cherished their own kin over and against their neighbors, that people do not rebel against government unless their higher loyalties are local.

Will it hence be easy to spot the "good" genealogists from the "bad"? Will it be possible to prevent benign group pride from turning into deadly tribalism? How much bitterness attends our perusal of the records? In the telecast of the "Emmy" awards, did young LeVar Burton strike you as a brotherly internationalist while he gloried in his suffering role in *Roots*? Do any of you Episcopalians have the feeling that Michael Novak, author of *The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics*, can't stand you? Doesn't Peter Schrag think *The Decline of the WASP* is really swell? It may be safer to be just another American, dug up, rootless. If there are now supposed social and personal purposes for encouraging genealogy, must we not also consider that there were in the past good reasons for discouraging it, and question if those reasons might still obtain? □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE SINO-SOVIET CONFRONTATION: *Implications for the Future, by Harold C. Hinton (Crane Russak, 71 pp., $4.95 cloth, $2.95 paper).* Much of what has been written on the Sino-Soviet conflict has been downright nonsensical; nearly all of it has been heavily colored by conjecture. Given the closed, totalitarian nature of the Communist regimes concerned, this latter has been unavoidable. Even the most cautious of scholars is, in the circumstances, reduced to educated guessing if he is to write at all on the subject. Happily, the volume reviewed here is among the most judiciously written to date. Based mainly upon the policy statements, press, radio, and periodical literature of both sides, it condenses within its brief compass the best data available on the entire Sino-Soviet relationship. Moreover, it eschews the puerilities of some earlier writers who were fond of predicting a warm, benign U.S. collaboration with the supposedly "more moderate and reasonable" Soviets against Peking. Finally, Hinton's suggestions of possible U.S. policy initiatives in this entire matter will not square with the conventional liberal wisdom: to wit, his caveats about removing U.S. troops from Korea and his recommendation that we "maintain an active political interest and a significant military presence" in Asia. In all, this is a reliable account of a difficult and often misunderstood subject.

MICHAEL CONNORS

THE ELECTION OF 1976: *Reports and Interpretations, by Gerald M. Pomper with colleagues (McKay, 184 pp., $8.95).* As election books go, this one is shorter, less anecdotal, and more analytical than most; it was team-written by five members of the Rutgers political science faculty in a matter of weeks following the November voting. It consists of one chapter each on the party nominating battles, fall campaign issues, presidential election, congressional election, state and local elections, the Carter Administration's outlook, and the meaning of 1976 in U.S. political history. It's not as entertaining as Teddy White, to be sure, but it is a satisfactory review of the year. Pomper and friends show a mild liberal coloration throughout, but generally they let the facts speak. The Carter forecast chapter was contributed by Ross Baker, a former Mondale staffer. It should remain a useful benchmark, though it grows more dated by the week: for example, Baker failed to predict either the President's human rights offensive or the major push on energy. Wilson Carey McWilliams' concluding essay, "The Meaning of the Election," shows surprising philosophic depth. Writing of the leviathan of which Mr. Carter and his party are now in charge, McWilliams warns: "Government that enters our lives so pervasively can easily be despotic without new kinds of restraint." He argues that some of this restraint will have to come from a revitalized two-party system—and soon, for we are "only eight years from 1984." This chapter makes fine companion reading for the debate on the Republican Party's future which appeared in *NR*'s March 18 issue.

JOHN K. ANDREWS JR.

THE FRAGMENTED LIFE OF DON JACOBO LERNER, *by Isaac Goldemburg, translated from the Spanish by Robert S. Picciotto (Persea Books, 186 pp., $8.95).* Jacobo Lerner, Russian Jew, arrives in Lima, Peru, in 1921 determined to find his fortune, marry a Jewish woman (and have children), and to be a respected member of the Jewish émigré community. But Peru is not to be his "promised land." The novel begins wih Jacobo Lerner on his deathbed, contemplating what effect his death will have on those that know him. The reader senses it will cause little stir. Lerner's life has been one of many mistakes, much confusion, disappointment, fear—and, especially, loneliness. He first works as a traveling salesman, then settles down in a provincial community dominated by a Roman Catholic morality which makes him a victim of local prejudice. His one friend, a fellow Russian Jew, scarcely helps matters with his obsessive talk of pogroms and worldwide antisemitism. Lerner seduces the daughter of a local merchant and flees to Lima to avoid marrying a non-Jew. (A child—we suspect a mentally deficient one—is born whom Lerner supports but never sees.) In Lima he is swindled by his younger brother and finally becomes the owner of a brothel. The novel has none of the ambiguity-ridden, fantasy play of most recent Latin American fiction. Goldemburg relies on realism, using the narratives of different characters to comment on Lerner and on Jewish life. These narratives he separates with public notices, documentaries, and historical data taken from the *Jewish Soul* (a fictional journal based on an actual Peruvian newspaper) to remind us of the real world in which his characters live. Here is powerful writing and a brilliant first novel by a gifted young author.

THOMAS BRIDGES

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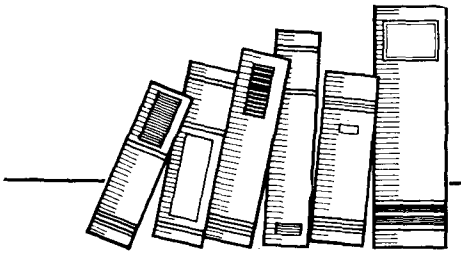

Dark Horses

WOULD YOU LIKE to impress your friends with your sure but seemingly effortless grasp of data concerning federal budget trends, prevailing levels of taxation, or the share of national outlays devoted to defense? If so, there is an easy, secret formula, known to all professional writers on such subjects but carefully guarded from the general public: simply have the proper reference books available.

By far the most comprehensive of all the appropriate reference works is *The Statistical Abstract of the United States*, published in a paperback trade edition as *The U.S. Fact Book* (Grosset and Dunlap, $3.95). This official computation of population trends, housing starts, murder rates, hospital beds, school enrollments, and just about everything else imaginable is updated annually by the Bureau of the Census and brought out commercially with an introduction by demographer Ben J. Wattenberg. For those who have a taste for socio-economic information, it is probably the most useful volume ever published.

If your major focus is economics, you will also be smitten with *Facts and Figures on Government Finance*, published by the Tax Foundation, Inc. (50 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. 10020, $10). The nineteenth biennial edition has recently come off the presses and, as ever, the book is a cornucopia of information about the economic condition of the country, and how it got that way. It tells us how much federal spending has grown in recent decades; the increase in the number of government employees, the pay scales of these worthies, and so on. I won't bedazzle you with all the statistics, but content myself with noting that, in every respect, the facts set forth in this meticulous handbook run counter to the ruling liberal wisdom.

For that matter, even the output of the liberals themselves, in many cases, runs counter to the liberal wisdom—as witness the most recent edition of *Setting National Priorities*, the annual survey of the federal budget conducted by the Brookings Institution (1775 Massachusetts Ave. N.W., Washington D.C. 20036, $4.95). Though I would hardly endorse the policy analyses in this volume, the statistical data on federal spending programs are often valuable. Particularly recommended in the current volume is Chapter Four, which shows that the percentage of the federal budget devoted to defense has, for better than a decade, been falling like a stone.

Also eloquent on this theme is Roger Freeman's *Growth of American Government* (Hoover Institution, Stanford, Calif. 94305, $1), a monograph explaining recent trends in military and domestic spending. Freeman shows the manner in which enormous budgets for domestic welfare programs have been artfully financed through inflationary deficits and curtailment in defense expenditure. The present pamphlet, based on an address at Hillsdale College, is an update of Freeman's 1975 treatise on this subject bearing the same title (also available from Hoover, $8.95). The conclusion of both studies: We have been destroying our defenses to finance an orgy of bread and circuses on the homefront.

FINALLY, if you would like a convenient manual on the scope and thrust of government spending, I would strongly recommend *A Taxpayer's Guide to Survival*, published by the National Tax Limitation Committee and co-authored by committee leaders William F. Rickenbacker (of this journal) and Lewis K. Uhler (1000 Briarcliff Manor, N.Y. 10510, $1.95). This brand-new study is a pitch for state and federal constitutional amendments to limit the percentage of personal income consumed by government, and along the way provides a lot of useful tables concerning current tax rates, the recent trend of government spending, and the experience of other nations who have trod the dismal path before us. Read all of these, and become an instant, if unhappy, expert on big government.

—M. STANTON EVANS

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Personal

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[KENNETH M. SWEZEY IN *The*]

Reader's Digest [*Treasury of*]
Wit and Humor

A Connecticut minister, preaching a sermon in a little church in Vermont while on his vacation, received the greatest compliment of his ministry from one of the laconic natives. The Vermonter gripped the pastor's hand, beamed all over, said, "Didn't get my nap today."

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Seen through the Mists

On The Right

New York, Oct. 10—In the tumult and the shouting of the past ten days one has the sense of having lost all idea of economic integration. Highly intelligent people are going about confused over what is going on in the complicated quarrels in Washington having to do with energy. Quite understandably. Concerning all of which, a few comments:

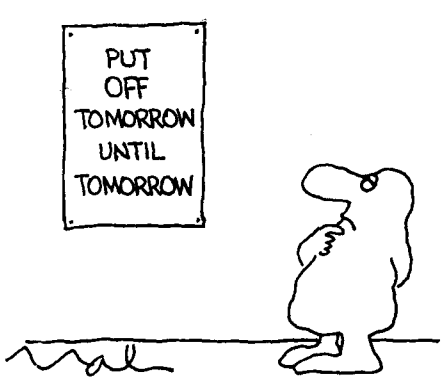
1) The fundamental problem is untouched by all the wrangling over Mr. Carter's energy bill. That problem is the oligopolistic leverage of OPEC over world oil. Since the crack of doom sounded from Saudi Arabia after the Yom Kippur War in 1973, no policy has been arrived at to cope with the quadrupled price of oil coming from the OPEC nations. At a political level, there is an accommodationist fatalism that is absolutely startling. It is as though God had announced, in November of 1973, that He was going to change the seasons around a bit. One professor from Johns Hopkins proposed we should consider military action against Saudi Arabia if absolutely necessary. He was put in Coventry. The Dutch were finally forgiven by the Arabs for siding so conspicuously with Israel during the engagement, and were magnanimously permitted to buy oil at $12 per barrel. The British were secretly enjoying the whole operation because they knew that very soon they would themselves be follow-profiteers of the great oil gouge. The United States meanwhile did nothing, and calmly permitted its imports of foreign oil to rise from one-third of national consumption to one-half.

Everyone in Washington is nowadays arguing whether gas prices should be deregulated. Nobody appears to be concerned about the effect the oligopoly is having on the United States dollar, which is retreating all over the world. And quite rightly, inasmuch as we are predicting for this year a balance-of-trade deficit approximately four times as large as the largest in our history. We are arguing about windfall profits for a few oil and gas producers from Texas, Oklahoma, and Louisiana, while apparently resigned forever to permitting a couple of sheiks to decide, according to their pleasure, the cost of oil, and therefore the value of the dollar.

2) As long as we continue to force American producers to sell oil at a lesser price than we pay for foreign oil, we are in effect subsidizing the purchase of foreign oil. By selling our oil at an artificially low price, we simultaneously increase demand and diminish supply. If oil taken from the ground is sold at less than the price of replacing that oil through fresh discoveries, a subsidy acts to encourage the expenditure of energy-dollars—and to increase general consumption, resulting in a greater importation of oil.

3) The Senate reasons correctly that if oil is taxed at the wellhead (for the purpose of reimbursing certain purchasers some of the cost of oil), there will be no increased incentive to discover fresh oil. President Carter threatens (through Mr. Schlesinger) retaliation, proposing to invoke the authority granted to President Ford to impose a tax on imported oil and then figure out some way to get that money back to the consumers through general tax relief. The whole thing is a mess, subsidizing economic archaeologists who seek to trace the movements of dollars through tariff barriers, entitlement redistributions, wellhead subsidies: a mare's nest of bureaucratic interference. Reminding us that:

4) Economic problems are best solved by the marketplace doing its impartial duty. Political problems are the preserve of the state. It is the job of American enterprise to find oil and gas and make it available. It is the job of the American government to upset international conspiracies against the American consumer. The government has done nothing to cope with its responsibilities, but has done its best to prevent the economy from coping with *its* responsibilities. Add to the picture the opposition of the government to breeder reactors for the exploitation of plutonium power and you have the full picture of government ineptitude and the neutralization of the entrepreneurial function. □



THE MILITARY AND PANAMA

New York, Oct. 6—Opponents of the proposed Panama Canal Treaty have arguments that are plausible (notably: that the United States will be perceived to be retreating in metronomic beat all over the world), and some that are implausible. In the second category one finds most offensive the argument that our entire active senior military are putting their careers ahead of the interests of their country by recommending a treaty they know to be injurious to the strategic security of the country. When on Tuesday the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Brown, testified before the Foreign Relations Committee he was asked directly whether his judgment and that of his associates—including the commander in chief of the United States Southern Command in the Canal Zone, General McAuliffe (no relation to Nuts)—were influenced by President Carter's advocacy of the Treaty, he replied with some heat that this was not so. The honor system at West Point has had problems in recent years, but few critics of the Academy have gone so far as to suggest that the nation's senior military officers, obeying the demands of Duty, Honor, and Country, are sworn to serve the President of the United States as ventriloquists' puppets.

It is frequently cited as presumptive proof of Executive intimidation that it was only a few weeks ago that President Carter recalled a general from South Korea for criticizing publicly Carter's decision to diminish our military presence there. There is an important distinction here.

No member of the military may campaign publicly against his commander in chief's decisions. But his expert judgment in purely military matters is always available to Congress, and there is no historical presumption that he will distort his testi-

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mony for sycophantic reasons. The special competence of the military in the matter of the Canal has to do with a single question: Is the operation of the Canal affected a) favorably, or b) unfavorably, by the proposed Treaty? General Brown brought up the point that the Treaty incorporates the specific recommendations of the military made four years ago, before anybody had ever heard of Jimmy Carter. Indeed, he said that "the key that finally"—i.e., at the insistence of the military, backed up by the negotiations—"found its expression in the Treaty of Neutrality was conceived within the Defense Department." General McAuliffe said he had worked for two years with the Joint Chiefs to insure that "our defense requirements were taken care of" in the treaties. Admiral Holloway, Chief of Naval Operations, testified through an aide that in his judgment "the continued use of the Panama Canal for military purposes in our national defense plans is best assured through the provisions of the new treaties."

It is true that retired admirals in a statement several weeks ago denounced the Treaty. Asked to account for this, General Brown hazarded that their opposition had crystallized before they actually studied the proposed treaties. "While I respect their sincerity and integrity, I question how well-informed they were." Needless to say, it is an obligation of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to hear out these retired military men and to come to a conclusion respecting their differences with the incumbent senior military officers.

As one struggles for perspective in the whole matter one recognizes how much one's judgment tends to be affected by the character and reputation of the players. President Carter is widely believed to be in the tradition of the recent great appeasers of the Democratic Party: and therefore his sponsorship of the Treaty influences many people against it. Surely if the Treaty had been sent to the Senate by, let us say, President Douglas MacArthur, it would have been received with presumptive hospitality by the Senate conservatives?

Torrijos is an unattractive, left-leaning, demagogic tyrant. What if the prime minister of Panama had been, let us say, Syngman Rhee?

Suppose that the principal negotiator had not been associated with the defeat in Vietnam and the retreat in Dutch New Guinea but, instead, had been—General Curtis LeMay?

And yet the Treaty speaks for itself. The continued authority of the United States to guarantee safe passage is assured —*provided* we elect a President willing to use his powers as commander in chief. The pre-eminence of the American fleet is assured—*provided* we elect congressmen and senators who maintain our military strength. The desire of the Panamanians for sovereignty over the spinal column of their country is as genuine whether they are tyrannized over by Torrijos or led gently by Pericles. If we are determined to mistrust everyone—the President, the military, the Senate—what use is a canal to us? There are many reasons to doubt that, given the tradition of U.S. leadership since World War II, we are going to survive the next century, but none of these doubts is reified in the language of the proposed treaties. □

PRICE'S INSIDE STORY

New York, Oct. 4—The press is reporting on the forthcoming book by Mr. Raymond K. Price, former principal speechwriter for Richard Nixon, whose title (*With Nixon*) is entirely straightforward. Mr. Price was, is, and will be with Nixon, though to be sure he has his misgivings. The news story is that, on reading the final draft of his April 30, 1973 speech, President Nixon thought of resigning his office. I have to admit that if I had had to read that speech, I would certainly have resigned, and probably cut my throat.

Now that sounds like an unfriendly thing to say about a fellow writer, so under the circumstances I reveal that I have been a friend of Ray Price since I was 21 years old. A year behind me at college, he joined the Conservative Party of the Political Union. He was then 18 years old but looked as though he had just celebrated his tenth birthday: there was never in the history of American youth any lad of fresher, more innocent mien.

You will understand the surprise in my grizzled set, veterans all of World War II, when we woke to discover that young Price had become the balance of power in the Political Union, dominating absolutely a young band of freshmen who always voted exactly as Price instructed.

His surreptitious nickname was "Ange-et-demon," which is how at Yale they say "Angel-boy and demon." In his current book he defends the whole notion of Tricky Dick. You gotta be Tricky, says old Ange-et-demon, in order to manipulate people to do the right thing, like avoid world wars, and vote for Richard Nixon.

Now the April 30 speech was without exception the worst presidential speech in modern American history. It is the one best remembered by its conclusion: "Since Bob Haldeman and John Ehrlichman are the finest civil servants I have ever known, I am forthwith firing them." That was the analytical high point of that address, which inflamed America against Nixon, convincing the majority that, indeed, the President was far gone in dissimulation.

On seeing the final draft of that speech, Ray Price writes, the President turned dramatically to his speechwriter and told him that he, Price, had always served as Nixon's conscience, and if Price thought that Nixon should himself resign—"just write it into the next draft, and I'll do it."

One can readily understand Mr. Price's reactions under the circumstances. They would almost certainly have been yours and mine too. He implored the President not to resign (remember, at that point the Nixon people still believed him to be substantially innocent). Such scenes must have occurred at least once in the career of every leader who seeks reassurance by proffering his own life for his country on the very clear understanding that he will be talked out of it.

One assumes that Price used all the conventional arguments to talk Nixon out of doing something he didn't want to do in the first place. But listen to the clinching argument. It was this: that if Nixon resigned, Agnew would become President. Not having seen the text, I cannot advise how many exclamation points are appended in the original to that statement, designed to terrify even the stoutest hearts.

The fact of the matter is that in April 1973 Spiro Agnew was not known to hav been implicated in the financial venalitie of Baltimore political life. He had serve four years as Vice President. His instin on all major issues were correct, he h a great following. And—most import of all under the circumstances—he been selected by Nixon himself as a ning mate after four years' exper

So, Ange-et-demon let the oppo go by. Nixon might have been sp subsequent humiliation. The R Party would have been spared yet prove to be mortal woun for what? To spare us the having as President the m selected by Nixon to serve in the event of a disabil bent.

Truly, the Nixon s day more interestin As Mary McGrory day, what do peo their time doing' houn National They watch years by F Martha M' who wen' Political dent o' no tir

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...ans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Possession of this type might be nine points of the law, but *Pravda* won't use it — 77 149 220 81 232 244 277 35 44

B. I CUFF A LION — 109 36 43 162 20 61 75 211 48 239

C. What both the czars *and* the commissars promoted — 132 58 144 112 154 104 161 218 225 28

249 230 9

D. Policy U.S. ought to pursue in Rhodesia — 145 42 63 68 79 101 125 245 268 279

8 32 83 171 179

E. Family that ruled Russia for centuries — 164 215 16 188 271 80 90 95 103 108

19 160 167 185

F. Determines the value of — 170 59 124 270 278 252 45 265

G. What Communists ought to use after a speech — 229 234 152 192 140 253 257 60 227

H. Song written in French by Eugene Pottier, music composed by Pierre Degeyter, a Belgian — 243 67 88 99 110 38 165 74 133 174

178 187 195 198 200 209 224

I. *Mountain* range in Australia — 26 228 93 15 30 57 71 175 51 264

J. Pertaining to the last days — 254 201 50 87 128 117 94 177 197 213

237 66 191 219

K. A good time for a Northeasterner or a Southerner to get married — 262 70 31 212 131 155 223 241 84

. What Communist propaganda usually *is* — 1 6 25 37 69 114 143 146 153 199

203 54 214 240 269

M. What a character in *Orlando Innamorato* might call Communist talk (he should live so long!) — 47 64 221 273 107 122 127 130 263 189

119 238 276 24 266 78 2 86

N. ____, what of the night? — 118 260 135 120 193 156 141 231

O. What the Communists want — 4 116 65 18 41

P. Town in Sharp County, Ark. — 126 235 275 21 259 176 142

Q. A building style — 180 46 33 39 49 73 82 89 105 115

136 139 267 148 163 173 205 222

R. NOME VELVET — 190 96 106 210 250 169 150 159 181 53

S. What the Soviet Empire accuses U.S. of being — 208 151 52 56 11 22 97 168 184 194

147 216 40

T. A state in Australia — 217 7 29 17 85 76 172 121 13 134

196 157 166

U. A tropical American tree — 274 182 236 256 72 3

V. To a great degree — 55 251 204 158 111 261 102

W. These can be found in the backs of some books — 62 246 5 202 206 98 255

X. An erect American herb of the nightshade family — 233 91 183 247 226 123

Y. A cardinal (and apostolic!) number — 272 207 10 242 137 100

Z. METS LEER — 14 258 113 248 92 138 186 12

a. Washington defeated him and his Hessians during *our* Revolution — 23 27 34 129

RECTIONS

object of TRANS-O-AM is to fill out the puzzle ram by guessing the s (above) from their ITIONS, and transferring letter of the guessed to the correspondingly red square in the dia- When the diagram is ut it will spell out a n from some published eading normally from ight, black boxes indi- e ends of words); also, e WORDS have all d in above, their ini- will spell out the au- title of the quoted acrostic feature, and word-lengths in the ll assist in the solu- g and definitions on of *Webster's New Dictionary*, Sec-

lack lines instead cate the ends of puzzle only.

for Solution to s-O-Gram.

NAL REVIEW

1 L	2 M	3 U	4 O	5 W	6 L	7 T	8 D	9 C	10 Y	11 S	12 Z	13 T	14 Z	15 I	16 E	17 T	18 O	19 E	20 B
21 P	22 S	23 a	24 M	25 L	26 I	27 a	28 C	29 T	30 I	31 K	32 D	33 Q	34 a	35 A	36 B	37 L	38 H	39 Q	40 S
41 O	42 D	43 B	44 A	45 F	46 Q	47 M	48 B	49 Q	50 J	51 I	52 S	53 R	54 L	55 V	56 S	57 I	58 C	59 F	60 G
61 B	62 W	63 D	64 M	65 O	66 J	67 H	68 D	69 L	70 K	71 I	72 U	73 Q	74 H	75 B	76 T	77 A	78 M	79 D	80 E
81 A	82 Q	83 D	84 K	85 T	86 M	87 J	88 H	89 Q	90 E	91 X	92 Z	93 I	94 J	95 E	96 R	97 S	98 W	99 H	100Y
101D	102V	103E	104C	105Q	106R	107M	108E	109B	110H	111V	112C	113Z	114L	115Q	116O	117J	118N	119M	120N
121T	122M	123X	124F	125D	126P	127M	128J	129a	130M	131K	132C	133H	134T	135N	136Q	137Y	138Z	139Q	140G
141N	142P	143L	144C	145D	146L	147S	148Q	149A	150R	151S	152G	153L	154C	155K	156N	157T	158V	159R	160E
161C	162B	163Q	164E	165H	166T	167E	168S	169R	170F	171D	172T	173Q	174H	175I	176P	177J	178H	179D	180Q
181R	182U	183X	184S	185E	186Z	187H	188E	189M	190R	191J	192G	193N	194S	195H	196T	197J	198H	199L	200H
201J	202W	203L	204V	205Q	206W	207Y	208S	209H	210R	211B	212K	213J	214L	215E	216S	217T	218C	219J	220A
221M	222Q	223K	224H	225C	226X	227G	228I	229G	230C	231N	232A	233X	234G	235P	236U	237J	238M	239B	240L
241K	242Y	243H	244A	245D	246W	247X	248Z	249C	250R	251V	252F	253G	254J	255W	256U	257G	258Z	259P	260N
261V	262K	263M	264I	265F	266M	267Q	268D	269L	270F	271E	272Y	273M	274U	275P	276M	277A	278F	279D	

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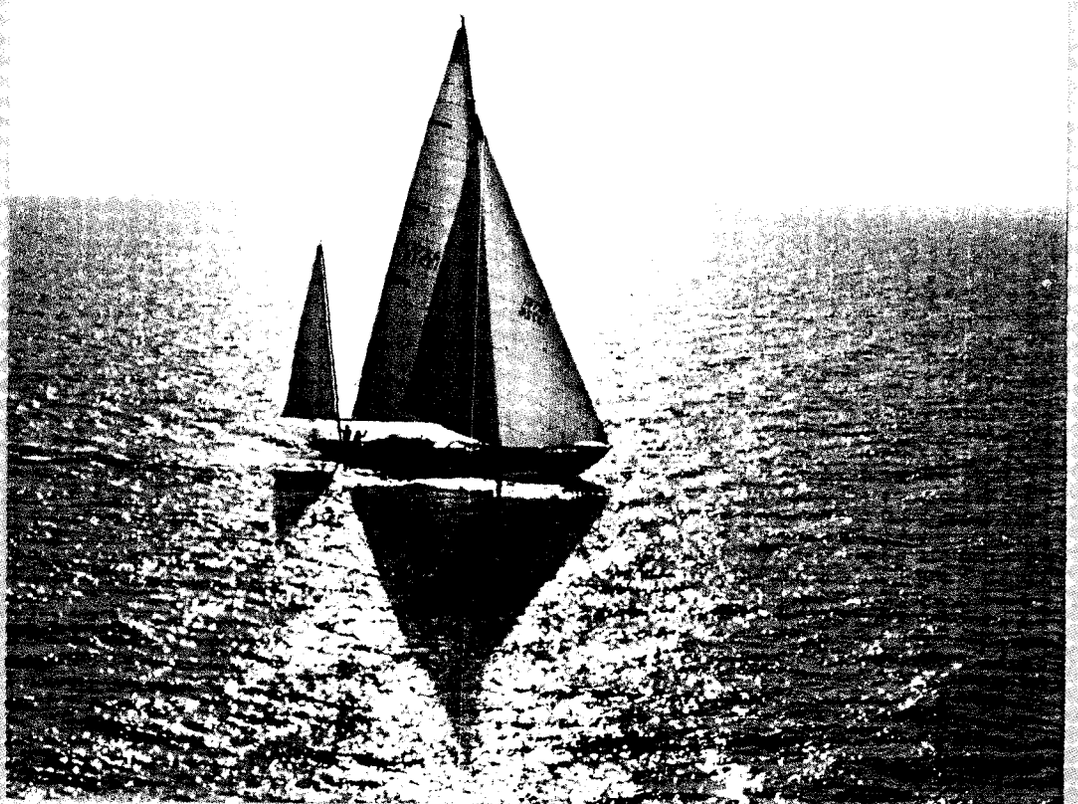
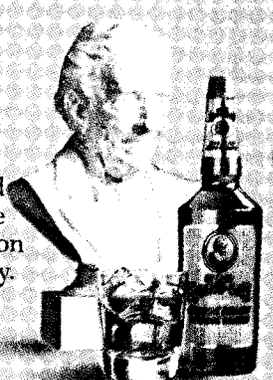
"Old Grand-Dad."





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